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1828

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ESSAYS AT POETRY,

OR A COLLECTION OF

FUGITIVE PIECES;

WITH THE LIFE OF

EUGENIUS LAUDE WATTS.

BY EDWIN AUGUSTUS ATLEE, M. D.

PHILADELPHIA.

'*Poeta nascitur—non fit;*'
This adage of the Roman bard
The author fears, perchance may hit
Many, besides himself, full hard!

If PEDANTS shall his rhymes disdain;
Yet those for whom they have been penn'd,
May think he has not rhym'd in vain:
And thus, he will have gain'd his end.

☞ "You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, "but (if he happen to have any leisure upon his hands) will "turn his head to one of these two amusements for all fools of "eminence—*politics* or *poetry*."

Spectator, No. 43.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1828.

Library of Congress
City of Washington

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the ninth day of February, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1828, *Edwin Augustus Atlee*, M. D. of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

Essays at Poetry, or a Collection of Fugitive Pieces; with the life of Eugenius Laude Watts. By Edwin Augustus Atlee, M. D. Philadelphia.

'Poeta nascitur—non fit;'
This adage of the Roman bard
The Author fears, perchance may hit
Many, besides himself, full hard!

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☞ "*You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, but* "*(if he happen to have any leisure upon his hands) will turn* "*his head to one of these two amusements for all fools of emi-*"*nence—politics or poetry.*" *Spectator, No.* 43.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," And also to the Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

In thus obtruding on the literary world, the following essays, the author candidly avows, that a desire *to appear in print* was not absent. His principal aim, notwithstanding, was, to entertain and improve the mind.

That portion of the volume which he has chosen to dignify with the title of "Poem," is part of the real biography of an individual now living, with whom the author has been intimately acquainted from childhood.

Had it not been for the partial opinions of some of his friends, he should not have exposed, under the name of *Poetry*, what good judges

cannot fail to detect as the work of a tyro: for previously to the commencement of the "Life of Eugenius Laude Watts," he had not, to his recollection, composed two hundred lines, either in rhyme or blank verse.

Several of the Classic Poets of Britain, he had read in younger life; and although he has not intentionally plagiarised, nor set any one of them before him as a pattern; yet, it will be evident that one figure (page 21) is borrowed from that elegant and most ingenious Poet, Darwin; it having made on the author's memory so indelible an impression, as that he may have used many of the words, with which it was originally clothed, in that imperishable work, the "Botanic Garden." It is however certain, that, of whatever other merit this little work may be devoid, it possesses *originality* throughout.

The extracts, translated into blank verse, are from an old Latin work, by a *Swedish* au-

thor, entitled "*De Amore et Cultu Dei:*" the *whole* of which is, in his humble judgment, of a character truly classical and rich—worthy of the Augustan age of Rome, or of Great Britain.

The parts of the volume above specified, together with the "*Fugitive Pieces,*" were composed amid professional and domestic perplexities, in which it has been the author's lot to be engaged, without *superfluous* emolument, during the greater portion of his life. He regrets that the distant subscription papers were too late in return, to enable him to publish the names of all subscribers; and begs it to be understood, that those who have thus patronized him, are not at all answerable for any sentiments contained in the work. Such as it is, he now presents it, in the hope, that if deemed worthy of a "Review," it may survive its flagellation,—possibly the *flagellator*.

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EUGENIUS LAUDE WATTS,

A POEM.

BOOK I.

Ye, whom the simple annals of a Man
To fame but little known; of life whose span
No deed heroic boasts. (nor yet—"whose blood
("Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,")
Can aught of interest yield: unbend awhile
The studious brow; ye may, perchance, beguile,
Without injurious tendency, some hours;
Not to enervate, but refresh your pow'rs.
Truth I shall write—but think me not to blame,
If from your ken I hide his real Name,
With the same Art as erst was used by Bacon,
To veil the *Chymic Pow'r*, which oft the earth has shaken.

Near where meand'ring Conostogo laves
The Soil luxuriant. with his limpid waves,
Stands the fair LANCASTER, the well-known pride
Of Cities inland; one which claims beside,
A portion of that State, to the great Penn
By Royal Grant convey'd: once the rude den
Of ruder Tribes, whose prior native claim
Was by him *nobly* purchas'd; and his Name
Receiving, shall to latest Ages, prove,
A Record of the Man, whom all should love.

Of Parentage not mean, Eugenius here
First Light beheld, and breath'd the vital Air;
Here first, in infant Innocence, enjoy'd
Parental Love, and pleasures unalloy'd.
A gen'rous Father's hand the Table spread;

His num'rous offspring, healthful, shar'd the bread,
Earn'd by his labours in his Country's Cause;
Dispensing from the *Bench* her equal Laws.
A pious Mother, too, with anxious care,
Suppliant for them preferr'd the daily Pray'r;
Pointed, and led them in, the heav'nly road,
Thro' patient self-denial, unto God.
Ah! had the stripling, *then*, her worth but known,
Ere childhood's tender, heedless years had flown;
What Joys substantial—what unsullied Bliss,
Had oft, instead of Wretchedness, been his;
While, in loose Pleasure well nigh swallow'd up,
He drank, inebriated, of fell *Circe's* cup!

'Twas here Eugenius first, in Learning's lore,
Saw his young Mind evolve its little store:
The Earth four annual courses scarce had run,
Ere forth to School was sent the hopeful Son;
With shining face, and Satchel at his side,
To Madam Anderson's he cheerful hied.
Now, this sage dame, in A, B, C, well skill'd,
As Fame reports. full well her station fill'd:
Save that no frown e'er chill'd with boding fear,
The little urchins rang'd around her Chair;
Nor voice terrific thunder'd her commands;
Nor cruel Ferule bruis'd their tender hands.
Hers was the novel Plan, her little School,
Not by Severity, but Love, to rule.

Eugenius soon his A, B, C, acquir'd;
Next conn'd his a, b-ab, and still untir'd,
Ne'er skipp'd a lesson, nor a task forsook,
'Till thro' the Primer and Big Spelling-Book!
His wond'ring Parents saw. with purest Joy,
The rapid progress of their darling boy;
And, with a view to bring him on the faster,
Resolv'd to change the Madam for a Master.
The Master chosen, off the youth was sent;
But scarce a Twelvemonth under him was spent,
Ere the dread Tyrant he with joy forsook,
Nor cast behind, one longing, ling'ring look!

Successive Pedagogues their art employ'd
On young Eugenius. Each in turn annoy'd
His back and hands, and head, and e'en his ears,
With ferule, rope, and fingers. Oft the Tears
In briny floods, his num'rous wrongs bespoke;
While silent suffering the vengeful stroke.
Severe the chastisement—he knew not why,
For, certes, all confess'd him a smart boy.
First in his class was he, unless disgrac'd
By fault, suppos'd or real: ne'er displac'd
By boy superior, or in age or wit;
Yet could he ne'er the happy secret hit,
Of pleasing those whom most he wish'd to please—
An Art which some could practise at their ease.
True, he was forward, and some call'd him proud;
Eugenius this, in some degree, allow'd.
A little fond of Mischief eke was he,
And at a Joke would chuckle merrily.
Quite off his guard, sometimes the little fool,
Would play his Pranks, and laugh aloud in School.
Yet conscious of his faults, he freely own'd,
When Punishment was just; nor ever shunn'd
The merited correction, tho' severe!
Save when they beat his head, or pull'd his ear—
A mode of chastisement quite common then,
And practis'd too by sanctimonious men,
Who could demurely pray and preach on Sunday;
But ne'er forgot Rattan or Rope on Monday.
This fav'rite Plan of pulling, and of banging,
Resembled the mild English Law of Hanging;
For, whether the Offence was great or small,
One punishment alike awaited all.

Various the means one watchful Tutor tried,
To wound Eugenius, and take down his pride.
Some he acknowledg'd right; but, for the most,
He felt them arbitrary and unjust.
An instance he has oft been heard to mention,
Which, gentle Reader, claims thy kind attention:
The Scholars all were order'd to prepare
For Exhibition day, and to appear

In their best bib and tucker; to rehearse
Their reading Lessons o'er, in prose and verse;
Or shew their skill in figures. or in writing;
Or construing Greek and Latin, or reciting:
For Master had invited all his Patrons,
With all their pretty damsels and their matrons:
The vast improvement both to see and hear,
Of those committed to his tender care.
Eugenius had, for public recitation.
A Piece. in common with a near Relation
Of the said Tutor, who with partial eyes
The rival Youths survey'd; and doom'd the prize,
A large red Apple, ere the part was spoken,
To his arch fav'rite; for of this, a Token
Eugenius publicly receiv'd. He first
The stage ascended, and his piece rehears'd,
Without one fault; for in this noble cause,
He honestly confess'd he sought applause;
And the rich meed of public approbation
Was the chief object of his emulation.
Not that he spurn'd the tempting luscious Apple—
No—for this too he was resolv'd to grapple.

But ah! how vain his hopes: too soon he found
His pinions clipp'd; and to the deep profound,
Of shame unmerited, with colours furl'd:
He from his short-liv'd eminence was hurl'd!
For tho', with one accord. the Audience gave
Their well-earn'd Plaudits; nought, alas, could save
From Tutor's envy. 'Cease your praise,' he cried,
'It ill becomes you, thus to feed his pride!
'Vain in th' extreme, he needs a taking down:'
Then to Eugenius, with malicious frown,
He turn'd; and bade him re-ascend the stage,
And say his Piece again. Ah! sad presage
Of subsequent disgrace. At his command
The youth confus'd and trembling, took his stand!
But, as th' indignant reader may suppose,
Faulter'd from the commencement to the close.
Abash'd, Eugenius to his seat return'd,
While his sly rival for the conquest burn'd:

And not in vain—for Tutor had decreed,
That, right or wrong, his darling should succeed.
With mincing step, tiptoe, and head erect,
The Pet advanc'd when the glad Tutor beck'd;
The Rostrum mounted, and with graceful air,
Bow'd to the Gem'men, ogled at the Fair;
Then on Eugenius cast a waggish eye,
As if all competition to defy.
His speech was faulty, and full many a word,
By anxious prompter giv'n, was overheard;
Yet to the end he ran, he scarce knew how,
And gave the finish with a finish'd bow.
Then from the Rostrum gracefully descended,
Watching for Praise,—but few the lad commended.
The honest Audience, to their feelings true,
Adjudg'd the prize to young Eugenius due;
But Master's mind was previously twisted:
Firm therefore in his purpose he persisted;
And, spite of Justice, and in Conscience' spite,
Gave the red Apple to th' ungen'rous wight;
Whose watry chops had with impatience waited,
Till Appetite and Envy should be sated.
Ah! had he for a moment lent an ear,
To that, whose whispers even he might hear;
Confusion's blushes had suffus'd his face,
And his wrong'd rival had escap'd disgrace.

Eugenius this gross insult could not brook:
Full on the Victor an indignant look
He cast; and menac'd with his fist and head,
The fate which trembling *Tom* too plainly read.
For he 'd resolv'd, since Justice was denied,
To wreak his vengeance on the fav'rite's hide.

And now the wish'd-for hour of twelve had come,
When the glad Schoolboys issued forth for home:
Eugenius eyed his Foe, and following close,
O'ertook him; and administer'd a dose,
Which some might name, Cathartic pugilistic—
Well—I 'll e'en call it so to close the distich.

In vain he pleaded—vain his cry, "enough!"
Eugenius plied him with the wholesome stuff;
Till Pity's voice, soft mingling with his cries,
Bade him give o'er, and let the coward rise.

But short this triumph, for with luckless speed,
Some tell-tale bore the tidings of the deed
To *Master's* ears; who, busied with a Rule
In Algebra, had not yet left the school.
Reader! If e'er thou 'st seen, or heard, or read,
Of the fierce Lion, when arous'd from bed,
By hound intrusive, or the huntsman's horn!
Or braying of the Ass, at early morn:
Then needs it not that I should fill my page,
With how this pedagogue did storm and rage.
"Haste—hither bring th' audacious scoundrel—haste!
"I 'll teach him better. Ah! his back I 'll baste,
"Till black and blue. What! would he dare to beat
"My fav'rite? Zounds! and in the open street!
"Bring him, I say—What means the stupid fool?
"This instant go—or fear this pond'rous Rule!"
'I go Sir,' tremblingly, replied the lad;
But prudent fear withheld, and home he sped.
Eugenius, satisfied, sought too his home,
Musing no little on th' expected doom,
When brought to answer to the Judge severe,
That afternoon; and as the hour drew near,
His heart 'gan to misgive him; and a dread
Of vengeance, made him wish himself in bed.
But how to get there—under what pretext,
Was the grand query that his mind perplex'd.
So, being in for 't, like all other Fools,
Who deviate from Wisdom's wholesome rules;
The lad, to make the best of it, forsooth,
Prefers a Lie, to simple, honest Truth,
Pacing up stairs, his chamber now he enters;
Binds up his head, and to undress he ventures,
Not without certain inward checks, pursuant
On this his first attempt to play the Truant.
Scarce had he fix'd himself, with aukward art,

And Conscience guilty, thus to act his part;
When dinner was announc'd. What should he do?
His Father call'd! And busy Betty too,
Vociferating loud and oft his name,
Sought high and low, till to the bed she came.
'Hey day!' cried Betty, 'what a time I 've had!
'To find you out. Why, what 's the matter, lad?
'You 're sick, young Master, eh! your head aches sorely,
'Poor boy! I 'll tell them you 're so very poorly,
'You can't come down to dinner—shall I, dear?
'Or shall I run and bring your Father here?'
Now Betty had a guess what he was at,
And, as the saying is, had 'smelt a rat;'
So never waiting for his yea or nay,
Down stairs she scamper'd, and, without delay,
Disclos'd the secret to th' enquiring Father;
While poor Eugenius trembled, and had rather
Than two big Apples, he had never swerv'd
From Truth, and taken what he well deserv'd,
At School; than suffer the severe correction,
Which, much he fear'd, awaited his detection.

But, ere the muse, in Melpomenic verses,
The serious catastrophe rehearses;
Leave we, awhile, Eugenius in his chamber,
And to the School-room haste, where we remember
T' have left the Teacher. Long time sat he waiting,
With 'tumid Liver,' to inflict the beating
On our young Champion, who, he vainly thought,
Would by the faithless Messenger be caught:
But, well foreseeing evil, this young sinner,
Chose rather to go home and eat his dinner;
Than risk what, he conceiv'd, perchance might ceme,
Namely, what honest 'Paddy gave the Drum.'
So, Master's patience being somewhat tir'd,
And cool'd the rage which had his bosom fir'd;
He deem'd it prudent to detain no longer,
But seek his mansion, to allay his hunger.

While now the Sage, in generous repast,
His Choler sooths by the delights of taste;
The Muse, reluctant, to the chamber turns,
And at each step the youth's dilemma mourns.
Full well the stripling's honour'd Sire I knew:
In purpose firm, and generous and true;
Kind though he was, and merciful; yet just,
And, as a Parent, faithful to his trust.
In Chastisement, perhaps somewhat severe,
Yet could he not inflict without a Tear.

His steps ascending now Eugenius heard,
And now the Father's awe-inspiring Word!
'Why this mean stratagem—deluded Boy?
'Why thus embitter thy fond parents' joy?
'Ah! could thy anxious father have believ'd,
'That by such wiles thou e'er could'st have deceiv'd!
'The cause I know: soon were the tidings brought,
'To my pain'd ear, of thy disgraceful fault.
'Admit, that thy Preceptor's partial eye,
'Caus'd him the meed of Justice to deny;
'Were this, my Son, were this sufficient cause,
'For thee in turn t' infringe Heav'n's righteous Laws!
'What saith the Record of the Will Divine?
''Tis written there: "Vengeance is only Mine."
'The Prince of Peace—Jehovah's glorious Son,
'Whilst here incarnate, pray'd—"Thy Will be done!
'Thus too, vindictive Man, he taught to pray,
'Liv'd what he taught; and, suff'ring, led the way.
'And now, enthron'd above the Highest Heav'n,
'By Him the sacred Influence is giv'n,
'To all who rightly ask, by which to quell,
'Our warring passions, first deriv'd from hell.
'Yet such the lost condition of our race,
'That this sweet influence of transcendent Grace
'By Man is still rejected, whose proud soul
'Brooks not to bow to its Divine control:

'Save a small remnant, who obey the voice
'Of the "wise Charmer," and make *Peace* their choice.
'Whom Love yet fails by gentle cords to draw,
'He deigns to bind by an inferior law:
'To Man he delegates a Pow'r to sway
'The rod of Justice, till that happy day,
'Shall, in fulfilment of prophetic Lore,
'Resplendent shine, when War shall be no more;
'Earth's Kingdoms, useless grown, shall yield the Sword,
'To Him whose Right it is—TH' ETERNAL WORD.

'BUT now, reluctant, I the Task assume—
'In this uplifted Rod, behold thy doom!
'Conduct like thine, a penalty demands,
'Yet much it grieves me that a Parent's hands
'Should cause Eugenius pain'——Oh! spare thy 'Son!'
Th' affrighted youth exclaim'd—'My fault I own:
'Th' impending punishment, alas! is just;
'But for this first offence, Oh! dare I trust
'To ask a Father's Pardon? Lo! I bend,
'On suppliant knee—Thy clemency extend!'
HE said. Compassion yearn'd toward the child,
Unnerv'd the parent's arm. In accents mild,
(The Father beaming from his tearful eyes)
He bade the penitent Eugenius rise:
With warm affection clasp'd him to his breast;
Sigh'd—'I forgive'—then wept out all the rest.
So, when the fabled Jove his vengeance hurl'd,
To deal destruction on a guilty World:
Swift-pinion'd Love, midway the Lightnings seiz'd,
Smil'd in the Sov'reign's face—and his fierce wrath appeas'd!

HIS peace of mind now fully to restore,
Eugenius thought, forgiveness to implore
Of *Tom* and his Preceptor, therefore went,
By his lov'd Father's counsel and consent,

With deeply humbled mind, and manner meek,
To each, his fault to own, and pardon seek.
Rejoic'd, he found them ready to forgive;
And all his wonted spirits 'gan revive.

Thus ended the Affair: tho' small, replete
With serious incident. Fain would I greet
My courteous Readers, for the patience shown
To their poor Bard's garrulity; and own,
That all might much more briefly have been treated,
And some minutiæ, perhaps, omitted:
But since the Muse prolific brought it forth,
We 'll pass it for as much as 't may be worth.
Yet, one *Longinian* beauty they 'll commend—
The Story has *beginning, middle, end!*

As when the faithful Limner, skill'd to trace
Th' exact resemblance of the female face;
Brooks not deception, but, to copy Nature,
Marks well each prominent, expressive feature;
Nor, for a bribe, his talents, time, and paint
E'er prostitutes, to make the sinner Saint
Nor gives deformity, to feed her Pride,
That Beauty which dame Nature has denied:
So should the just Biographer his pen
Employ, to sketch the characters of Men;
Let each, with due degree of light and shade,
In Truth's fair Mirror be to view display'd:
Let nought in malice be set down; nor yet
Aught, thro' false tenderness, extenuate.

Unskill'd to flatter, or for pelf or fame,
Be this, as we progress, our constant aim;
So may the efforts of an humble Bard,
Be crown'd, in after time, with the reward
Of approbation, from the Good and Wise—
No richer boon he asks—no more substantial prize.

BOOK II.

—

Our Pilgrimage, whatever some may dream,
The impress bears, of Providence Supreme.
What tho' the paths of Virtue and of Vice
Be left to Man's exclusive right of choice;
And his own conduct, whether good or evil,
Make him the Child of God, or of the Devil?
Still may the philosophic mental eye,
One all-disposing Energy descry,
Which quickens into life, inspires our breath,
Nurtures, and saves from danger, and from death;
Marks the fix'd term of life—our beings end—
And designates Creation's God our Friend!
Eugenius oft on this lov'd theme would dwell,
For dangers oft the vent'rous youth befel.
These, in their order, shall the Muse relate,
And shew the Word Divine controuling ruthless Fate.

Earth was now parch'd by fiercest solar ray,
When, with his Schoolmates, being Holiday,
He hied to *Conostogo's* well known stream,
Where boys repair, to angle and to swim.
Beneath the friendly canopy of Trees,
Its banks o'erhanging, they reclin'd at ease,
Awhile with line and hook essayed their art,
Till each concluding he had done his part;
They doff'd their vestments, which with care they laid,
Respective, 'neath an Elm's inviting shade;
And each, successive, from the flow'ry strand,
Sought the cool stream, at their bold Chief's command.
Some, cautious, crept along the grav'ly shore,
And duck like, lav'd their bodies o'er and o'er;
Some on their hands supported, laid their length
Full on the shallow surface, and their strength

Of legs, in swimming poise, and movement urg'd:
Some, more expert, in the deep current merg'd,
Wheel'd, div'd, and splash'd, and all its force
defied;
Or floated, motionless, adown the tide.
Others, well practis'd; trod the soft profound,
With step alternate, as on firmest ground.

Luckless Eugenius, ever prompt to show,
In feats like these, what who but he could do!
To evidence his manliness of soul,
Backwards, resolv'd to wade to the Deep Hole,
(An excavation near the River's centre)
Whither but few were bold enough to venture:
Bant'ring his timid school-mates as they gaz'd,
And justly at his rashness stood amaz'd.
While, ever and anon, he sportive cried,
'I sink—I perish in the impetuous tide—
'Help! or I drown.' But, when to aid they swam,
Laugh'd at their folly, and renew'd his game,
Till to the Hole's deep, treach'rous verge he came.
Down sinks the Hero over head and ears,
And quick rebounds, with no ideal fears:
His strength and courage fail: his natant skill
In vain he proves. Again he sinks; and still
Oft as he lifts his head above the wave.
Urgent implores deliv'rance from the grave:
But frustrate all—'tis now, alas! too late—
His Friends, departing, leave him to his fate!

Who now can paint, in lineaments of Truth,
The horrors of the soul-desponding youth?
One desp'rate effort yet, he makes to rise,
Surmounts the surface; but his straining eyes
No human form behold. Death's pressure now
He feels, and ah! resistless, sinks below!
E'en there, remembrance keen his mind employs,
His Parents, Brothers, Sisters,—all the joys
Of youthful days, now swallowing up in Death,
Press on his view, tho' stopt the vital breath.

With sad remorse for sins yet unforgiv'n,
And most, for sporting thus with life and Heav'n:
O'erpow'rd he falls beneath the conflict sore,
Prone to the watry Tomb——'To rise no more?'
'And is he gone? and does Eugenius sleep
'His last, within the bosom of the deep!'
"He lives again," the Muse exulting cries,
"Cease then to mourn, and dry your tearful eyes."
For PROVIDENCE omniscient had decreed,
That Conostogo 'should give up his dead!
Scarce was Eugenius' final struggle o'er,
When. on fleet steed, came hast'ning to the shore,
His Father's servant, John, who had espied
At distance, his last conflict with the tide;
And, with a noble ardour, scorning danger,
Resolv'd if possible, to save the Stranger;
For tidings had as yet not reach'd his home,
Nor was his fate to the fond Parents known:
But John, his task at early noon had done,
Expecting to enjoy a little fun,
Provided he had leave of his kind Master,
Therefore had plied his task a little faster.
Permission granted, John soon mounted horse,
And cheerly to the River bent his course;
With rod and line, to catch a mess of Fish,
Which he intended for a Sunday Dish.
But mark! how PROVIDENCE mysterious mov'd,
To snatch from Fate the creature whom He lov'd!
Down to the earth, the angling rod John cast,
And on his faithful steed the current pass'd.
Near the Deep Hole a shallow place he found,
Where he could touch with ease the pebbly ground:
Halting, he cast about his eager eye,
If haply he the fatal spot might spy:
Nor sought in vain. For in the limpid stream,
He saw, illumin'd by the solar beam,
The corpse; and plung'd into the yielding wave,
Anxious, tho' late, the unknown youth to save:

Seiz'd, in an instant, on his flowing hair,
And brought him forth, triumphant, to the Air.
Next 'cross his willing horse, the body cast;
Then safe to land convey'd his Prize in haste.
There, on the sunny margin of the shore,
He roll'd and chaf'd him, ceaseless, o'er and o'er;
Persisting in the earnest, varied strife,
To re-enkindle the faint spark of Life.
Nor vainly strove—for now with Joy he view'd
The lungs slow heaving, and the source of Blood,
With wonted stimulus again impell'd,
Its labour re-assume. Each Art'ry swell'd
By the pulsating impetus, he saw,
Obedient to the sympathetic Law,
The sluggish Fluid, in succession urge,
Thro' devious windings, to their utmost verge:
Reflecting thence in centripetal course,
Revivified, return it to its Source.
Quick, and more quick, the Respiration grew,
The Blood, more forceful, round its mazes flew;
Sensation, and Re-action, Motion, Thought,
And Life, at length, to full perfection brought:
Surprize extatic fill'd the noble b east
Of John, when lo! Eugenius lay confess'd.
His azure Eyes their yielding curtains drew,
And soon his glad Deliv'rer met his view.
As from long sleep awaking, he enquir'd,
What caus'd the Pains he felt? And much admir'd,
How there he came—Why naked he should be?
And begg'd his Friend to solve the Mystery.
This, with his wonted suavity of tone,
And well advised brevity, was done.
The dormant Mem'ry, now resum'd its place,
And each past circumstance could clearly trace,
His heart, with awful Gratitude o'erflow'd,
And pour'd its humble Tribute to his God!
The kind domestic, too, now doubly dear,
Receiv'd his warmest Thanks; and the big Tear
Of purest Rapture, started from the Eye
Of John, while he embrac'd his 'own dear Boy!'

Phœbus had now with cooler, oblique ray,
Announced to Nature the declining Day;
The Choristers of Air all sought repose,
Whisp'ring their vespers at its silent close:
When young Eugenius, by his Friend's advice
And aid. was reinvested in a trice:
Mounted on ready steed, they hasted home,
Anticipating much of Joy to come.
Safely arriv'd. Eugenius slowly enter'd,
Where ev'ry object dear to him was centred.
John follow'd, and his stand at distance took,
Watching his fav'rite with a mingled look
Of pure Benignity and Exultation,
Temper'd with due observance of his Station.
The family were now set down, to taste
Of fragrant Hyson the serene repast;
The Sire, with true devotion in his Face,
And heart, had just concluded 'saying Grace;'
(For he, tho' neither Priest nor Pharisee,
Had still the common Sense of Deity,
By Infidel Torpedo unimpair'd;
And with a grateful Soul, Heav'n's Blessings shar'd.
The mild reproof Engenius did not miss,
For his long absence: but a Mother's kiss
Remov'd at once all apprehensive fear,
And to the welcome board he drew his Chair.
Th' observant Master, who in John had seen
Somewhat of Mystery, in look and mien;
Now thus address'd him: 'Well! my honest lad,
'What luck to day, in fishing, have you had?'
'Faith, Master, I have caught but one, (said he)
'And that 's a noble one, as soon you 'll see;
'A deal of pains and trouble too it cost,
'And much I fear'd, I should e'en that have lost.
'And tho' I claim it all, yet in despite
'Of all my claim, to you I yield the Right:
'For truly it was your's before I caught it;
'So fresh and sound, thank God! to you I 've
brought it.'

'Pray, what are we to learn from all you've said?
'Produce it, Man—or tell us where 'tis laid!
'Why, Master, dear, 'tis there anent the Table,
(Said John) 'I'm telling you no cunning Fable!
Thus having rais'd their gen'ral expectation
He gave, from first to last, the whole narration.
Confirming looks and tears Eugenius gave,
While to that BEING, who hath Pow'r to save,
His humble Praise went forth. Yet much he knew,
Was to the gen'rous John most fairly due:
And blushing, begg'd his Father might reward
The deed, with special favour and regard.
A silent Pause ensued—when, at the word
Of venerated Sire, with one accord,
The happy Family, on bended knee,
Approach'd, in Pray'er and Praise, the DEITY.

Let, Pleasure's Sons, contemptuous, smile at this!
Pray'rless, their abject souls know nought of purest Bliss.

Some Years of Pleasure, not unmix'd with Pain,
Had gone their rounds, ne'er to revolve again!
When our young hero's Sire, now weary grown
Of Pomp, exchang'd his residence *in* Town,
For stiller life, where, 'in alternate Ease
'And Labour,' he his rural Taste might please.
Much had he been employ'd, in various ways,
In duties arduous; and his choicest days,
To his lov'd Country were devoted all.
In prompt obedience to his Country's call.
A time-worn Mansion was his humble choice,
Remote from pageantry and empty noise.
A few well cultur'd Acres of rich ground,
Did the romantic Edifice surround.
A stream of purest Water, at the Door,
Thro' conduits from a distant Fount, did pour
Its ceaseless bounty, which the wants supplied
Of Man, and beast, and fowl; and serv'd beside,

By well-directed channels from a Ditch,
The Mead, and neighb'ring Garden, to enrich.
Well-stock'd with various Fruits, an Orchard too,
With pendant boughs, here stood, to charm the view,
And tempt the palate. There, a spring-house cool,
Of Milk, and Butter, and etcet'ras, full;
Beneath a spreading Weeping Willow stood,
And in return for shade, its Roots supplied with Food.
Here, when at leisure from Forensic Care,
He hop'd, within his Family, to share
The sweets of calm Retirement, where the Mind,
In Joys domestic, might true solace find.
No cultur'd Neighbour, now, with kindred Soul,
His converse daily shar'd, or social Bowl;
The honest German, whose untutor'd breast,
No wish beyond his fertile Grounds possess'd,
Here dwelt, unenvious of the pamper'd Great:
His all of life entomb'd in his Estate.
Yet neither ennui nor discontent,
The Sire assail'd. His placid hours were spent,
In wholesome Toil; or whiles, reclin'd at ease,
The moral Tale, or fav'rite Book, would please;
Or home-made Music's soft enchanting notes,
From well-strung Instruments, and well-tun'd Throats:
For, Wife and Daughters could the Spinnet play,
And with symphonious Voices tune the lay:
Eugenius too, with voice and Fiddlestring,
The Concert join'd, and knew to play and sing.
In Joys like these, their tranquil hours would pass,
Enliven'd sometimes by the temp'rate Glass
Of sparkling Cider, or the costly juice
Of Grape, or Currant for more common use.
Nor liv'd they to themselves: Their welcome Door
Was ever open to the sick and poor;
Dispensing Raiment, Medicine, and Food,
They "learn'd the Luxury of doing Good."

BOOK III.

Ere long, their City Friends, both false and true,
In crowds came forth, their calm Retreat to view.
For Health or Curiosity came some,
Others—because they could not stay at Home:
Some, for good Living oft their visits paid;
And some a courting came, as rumor said.
A few staunch Friends with purest motives came,
Who, fair or foul, prov'd worthy of the name.
And tho' Economy her prudent brow
Would sometimes bend, and rather restive grow;
Yet, in behalf of all, Dame Courtesy
Most feelingly oppos'd her gentle plea:
So that, however low the Host's finances,
Civility compell'd him, at all chances,
Rather to scrape the bottom of his Coffer,
Than what might seem an Insult e'er to offer.

This short digression made, we now pursue
The Thread of our discourse, and bring to view
The subject of our Story. He, meanwhile,
At leisure times, would oft his hours beguile,
In visiting among his German neighbours,
Learning their Language, joining in their Labours;
And at their various Sports was oftimes seen;
And many a Fall he got, upon the Green,
In wrestling, leaping, running, corner-ball,
Till good proficiency he made in all.
The rosy Lasses, too, he'd sometimes prance with,
And at the FAIR, would condescend to dance with.
But, tho' these toils and sports improv'd his body,
Yet did they blunt his Appetite for Study.
This, with sincere concern, his Parents saw,
And tried allurements, his young mind to draw
Back, to its wonted Exercise; but Books
Where now encounter'd with unpleasant looks.

Here would the Bard a word of Counsel give,
Which he entreats his readers to receive:
Do ye desire your Offspring should improve?
From School be cautious how you these remove,
Except for a short season, lest the Mind,
Too long drawn off, to trifling be inclin'd:
For many a Germ of Genius has been lost,
Or on Life's fluctuating Billows toss'd,
Unheeded; which, if suffer'd to take Root,
In Wisdom's Soil, had yielded precious Fruit!
Convinc'd of Error in this very case,
His Parents sent him to his former place;
Where, without hindrance, he might re-assume
His studious Habits, for the time to come.
Short time elaps'd ere Learning's sweets he tasted,
In Classic lore engag'd no moments wasted;
But daily more attach'd to the lov'd spot,
His late Rusticity he soon forgot.
And long had he these golden days enjoy'd,
But for one weighty Cause, which now destroy'd
His usual Peace: A Mother, dearly lov'd,
Lay ill of Fever, which soon mortal prov'd;
And though no tidings of her real state
Had reach'd him, yet the Bard shall here relate,
How, by a sympathetic Sense inform'd,
The youth's well grounded fears were first alarm'd:
'Twas Summer. He had taken up his Book
For School which then was call'd at six o'clock;
When, in an instant, an appaling Thought,
Across his unsuspecting Mind was brought,
And which he promptly to his Aunt express'd:
That now, by Death's cold hand, his Mother lay oppress'd!
In vain by Argument she kindly strove,
The superstitious Notion to remove:
Th' impression still indelible remain'd;
And having full permission first obtain'd,

He tarried not for breakfast, but with speed
His journey took, lest he should find her dead.
Ten Miles he travel'd ere he reach'd his home,
Then, trembling, sought his sainted Mother's room;
And just in time he came, for, as he fear'd,
Her Spirit for its flight was now prepar'd.
Here, 'midst the Mourners, round her Bed, he stood
In silent grief. The num'rous filial brood
Bent o'er the faintly animated Clay,
Who, in an Husband's arms supported, lay.
The Servants, there, with agonizing Sighs,
And tears responsive from their streaming eyes;
Watch'd her weak struggles for departing breath,
And hopeless, waited the last, awful pause, of Death!
Now to her Efforts a short respite came,
And, like th' exhausted Lamp's expiring Flame;
Which, in its lambent—trembling—vivid strife,
Drains to the dregs the pabulum of Life:
Her Soul, emerging from the dreary shade
Of hov'ring Death, o'er her pale visage play'd.
Tho' mute and motionless was now that Tongue,
Which oft, mellifluous, Heav'n's high Praises sung;
Yet, with new brightness, her dark Eye illum'd,
A momentary energy resum'd.
Full, on her anguish'd Partner, for a while
She look'd all Love! and gave a parting smile:
Then, in succession, on her Children cast
Maternal beams—prophetic of her last.
But most, Eugenius seem'd her eye to stay,
As if reluctant to be torn away
From one, whose after life did much engage
Her dying thoughts, as with a sad presage.
The Servants, next, the glance of Love receiv'd;
Then, from the lifeless tenement reliev'd,
Th' unshackled spirit, mounting, wing'd its way
To Realms congenial, in unceasing Day!

Ah! who by sad Experience untaught,
Can realize, in sympathetic Thought,
The dreary—aching—void, which now was left,
In the domestic Circle, thus bereft!
They only who have felt, can know the gloom,
Their souls o'erspreading, when the gaping Tomb,
Relentless, clos'd forever on that Form,
Doom'd to Corruption, and the nauseous Worm.

Two Years had now their mellowing influence shed,
Since young Eugenius mourn'd a Mother dead:
Years, that in scenes of varied rural life,
Roll'd on, unmindful of the wayward strife,
'Twixt good and ill, which oft the heedless youth
Maintain'd, in wand'ring from the Path of Truth.
Yet did he, whiles, in social converse, share
His Father's Friendship, mitigate his care;
Alleviate the stress of widow'd Woes,
That prey'd upon his life, and wrought its early close.
And now, prepar'd for College, he once more
His home forsook, in Academic lore
To renovate his Mind, too long relax'd,
By toil corporeal, and by cares perplex'd.
Mounted on fav'rite steed, in trav'ling trim,
His heart, at parting, fill'd unto the brim;
And having a tried Servant at command too,
On sturdy Nag, to carry the Portmanteau:
(Not his friend John, who by this time had prov'd
Connubial Joys, with one whom long he lov'd;
And, with his Master's blessing, had retir'd
From service, to a Tenement he hir'd;
Where frugal Industry his wishes crown'd,
And care, and weariness, in Love were drown'd.)
Accoutred thus, their journey they commenc'd,
And soon with haughty Forms the youth dispens'd:
For though the Servant, to his station us'd,
At first, familiarity refus'd;

And chose respectfully to trot behind:
Yet did Eugenius. in accents kind,
Insist upon his riding along-side him,
Whatever consequences might betide him.
Without more incident than folks in common,
When trav'ling, meet with (neither man nor woman.
Our Knight and 'Squire attempting to molest)
Two days they rode, ere they took up their rest,
In Cumberland's fair Capital. where Knowledge
Its seat then held. at Dickinsonian College.
Then were the golden days of Science known,
And from that Alma Mater many a Son,
In purest Classics. and sound Ethics taught,
Went forth. with richest, noblest Treasure fraught,
To bless their Country: For a NESBIT then
Presided, one of Scotia's choicest men.
Here, friendless and unknown, except by Letters
Commendatory. to his learned betters;
And to some influential Men in town,
Our country-looking hero sat him down.
And, soon as might be. enter'd up his name,
As candidate for literary Fame.
Now tho' in Latin tolerably vers'd,
Nor ignorant of Greek, he'd ne'er rehears'd,
Nor look'd into a Lesson while at home:
So rather unprepar'd the lad had come.
But. trusting to his Memory, he went,
Obedient to a message that was sent,
From the shrewd Principal, with trepidation,
To stand the usual Examination.
At the appointed hour. and wonted place,
Master and Candidate met, face to face:
Somewhat abash'd and aukward was the latter,
Who well perceiv'd it was no trifling matter.
Enquiry made—where he'd left off at School?
He answer'd; and pursuant to the Rule,
Was told to construe where he last had read.
This, with apparent boldness, he essay'd:

But, whether by fatality or no,
He open'd on a Speech of Cicero.
Just at the Threshold stood S. P. Q. R.
A host of Capitals, which made him stare,
As much, as if what those Initials stood for
Had met his view.—'Why what 's the ninny gude for!
'Canna ye mak' the meanin oot at a'?
'Hoot mon! ye canna fin' it on the Wa!'
Thus spake the Principal, whose keen black eye,
O'erhung by pond'rous brow, could well espy
The lad's confusion; but he soon reliev'd him,
From the said puzzler which had so much griev'd him,
Then humbly thanking the facetious Scot,
For kindly solving this quadruple knot;
Eugenius caught the thread, and follow'd on,
Till o'er th' appointed portion he had gone.
Thro' various other Exercises led,
Reviving what lay dormant in his head;
With honour he the tedious trial pass'd,
And by just Sentence, with his Peers was class'd.

Ill boots it, each punctilio to narrate,
Of his adventures, in this happy state.
Here, tho' dear Home full oft his thoughts employ'd,
And present bliss was by the past alloy'd;
Yet here content, with books, and sports, and love—
Pure—such as chaste Amelia did approve;
Pleas'd in himself, and studious all to please,
In calm succession roll'd the halcyon days.
But days like these were doom'd not long to last,
The Sky serene was soon with Clouds o'ercast.
It chanc'd, one stormy, rainy, winter night,
That gay Eugenius, in discretion's spite,
Had danc'd with some spruce Lasses at a quilting,
Till weary, and with perspiration melting:
And thus, without his hat, escorted home,
One who to the said quilting-match had come.

Tho' short the distance—say a square, or more,
And he'd conducted her but to the door,
And hastily return'd; yet did the wight
Pay dearly for his Frolic that same night:
For ev'n before he had retir'd to bed,
Pains most acute attack'd his side and head,
But chief the former, which soon prov'd to be
A most inflammatory Pleuresy:
And well nigh fatal, but that Nature prov'd
Omnipotent. and threat'ning Death remov'd.
Not that the Bard contemns the Healing Art—
No—This, if rightly practis'd, with a heart
Of pure Benevolence, from Av'rice freed,
Merits of public Gratitude the Meed,
And generous Remuneration too,
Both which, are oft withheld, when justly due.
Now, poor Eugenius, whate'er his danger,
Or what his Funds might be, was still a *Stranger*.
And therefore his Physician—prudent Creature!
In whom Compassion was no striking Feature;
Concluding he might gain but little pelf,
Left Nature, pretty much, to help herself,
And bear up under the distress and havock
Of fell Disease. But Noland and M'Gavock,
Class-mates, whose names were to Eugenius dear,
With true Virginian sympathy stood near.
Each, in his turn, assiduous, watch'd his bed,
Till thro' two tedious weeks of suff'ring led;
With triumph they beheld the vanquish'd Foe,
And felt—what none but souls like theirs can know!

In reasonable time, his strength renew'd,
His wonted Studies now the youth pursued.
The dormant zest reviv'd for all those sports—
Athletic, am'rous—and of various sorts,
In which, at first, he had relax'd his mind,
Till now, within Morality confin'd;
But, losing sight of Wisdom and of Prudence,
He join'd with a few Libertines of Students,

And soon a brother free-thinker became,
Proving himself right worthy of the name.
With subtlest wiles, from less to more they strove,
From truth's firm basis his young mind to move;
The SACRED VOLUME sceptically jeer'd,
Denied that God whom secretly they fear'd;
Laugh'd at the doctrine of a future state,
Or sunk into the chaos of blind Fate!
Their motto, this: 'Let's drown all care and sorrow,
'In wine and mirth——We die like brutes, to-
morrow."
Degraded sensualist! Thy kindred swine
Give but thy speech: His motto will be thine!

Now dash'd our youth at cards and petty
dances,
Till he perceiv'd an ebb in his finances.
But fearing to alarm his prudent father,
He wrote not for remittances—but rather
Drew on a voluntary banker there
For cash, and sundry articles of wear:
Not doubting that his father would be willing,
To reimburse him ev'ry pound and shilling;
But reckon'd in the case without his host,
And found, at length, his error, to his cost.
For the kind parent had at all times sent him,
As much for real use as might content him;
Besides all this, had generously granted
A fund for extras, when they should be wanted:
This, wisely, was not left in his possession,
But with a friend intrusted, whose discretion,
Uninfluenc'd by th' impetuous youth's command,
Dealt out with cautious and experienc'd hand.
This our young gentleman could illy brook,
And the suppos'd restraint in dudgeon took;
So, trusting to his father's credit, went
To his new banker; who was well content
His wants to satisfy, however craving,
And these were num'rous; for the art of saving,

Or making his habitual wants but few,
Was one which spruce Eugenius little knew.
Thrice happy art! which they who practise, find
'T' insure true peace, and dignity of mind.
For, "in the abundance which a man possesseth
Consists not life." Grateful contentment blesseth.
Nor by privation of all earthly store.
Is the true son of wisdom render'd poor.
He knows that solid and substantial wealth,
Proof against time, or accident, or stealth,
Must, in its nature, lie beyond controul
Of things terrestrial—deep within the soul.
His daily task perform'd, and pittance giv'n,
In meek dependence on a bounteous Heav'n,
His prayer; "Oh give me not superfluous store!
"Give what thou canst—without thee, I am poor,
"And with thee, (can thy grateful suppliant say)
"With thee abound—take what thou wilt away!"
Not so Eugenius, whose best hours of life,
Were spent in scenes of folly or of strife;
Not that he sought contention, but his skill
In various exercises, gain'd ill will.
And of a truth, tho' not yet seventeen,
He could with ease surpass ev'n active men,
Who in gymnastic feats own'd no superior,
And deem'd our youth, in all things, their inferior.
It chanc'd, one pleasant ev'ning, after lecture,
That he was banter'd by a jumping hector;
Who seldom challeng'd to a leaping feat,
Unless he thought his rival could be beat.
Eugenius, tho' a short and thickset wight,
And no comparison in age or height;
Yet felt himself unwilling to be banter'd
Without a cause, therefore a trial ventur'd.
The ground mark'd off, and umpires duly chosen,
They doff'd their coats, and eke their shoes and hosen;
And set to work, each with ambition fir'd,
Till in the contest each was fairly tir'd:

But not till our young hero prov'd himself
An overmatch for the conceited elf;
And pleas'd, tho' not insulting, bore the prize,
From his antagonist, whose downcast eyes,
And sullen look of ranc'rous discontent,
Evinc'd th' ignoble purpose to resent,
On his despised rival, this disgrace,
But at a more convenient time and place.
Nor long had he his purpose to delay,
For meeting with his object the next day;
He pick'd a quarrel for a trifling cause,
And threaten'd sore, to smack the stripling's jaws.
Eugenius, knowing he had nothing done
To merit insult, felt his warm blood run
With more than usual impetus and heat;
Nor had a wish, from danger to retreat:
But bade him smack away, if he design'd it,
And if he doubted courage—he should find it.
No sooner said than done. The ungen'rous foe,
Dealt him, with little complaisance, a blow,
Which caus'd his ruddy face somewhat to burn,
And call'd forth something gen'rous in return,
So, for his one, Eugenius paid him twenty,
And would have heap'd upon him quite a plenty;
But that the Principal now hove in sight,
And forc'd the rivals to suspend the fight.
The lecture o'er, some mutt'ring threats were heard.
Of vengeance, which Eugenius little fear'd;
But stood prepar'd for, about half an hour,
Willing to try his foe's vindictive pow'r.
Finding, however, to his satisfaction,
That threats had not yet ripen'd into action;
He sought his home, in hope that all was over,
Drank tea, and strutted forth to play the lover:
But soon by his antagonist was met,
Who not appearing satisfied as yet;
Swore that he 'd been ungentlemanly treated,
In language too, that need not be repeated;

Requiring from him, without hesitation,
Of his late conduct further explanation:
And, as his anger did not want for fuel,
Demanded satisfaction in a duel!
Eugenius calmly to his foe replied:
"I thought you had been fairly satisfied;
"I feel no rancour lodging in my breast,
"And own I 'd rather let the matter rest:
"The first aggression by yourself was made,
"And I assure you, I am fully paid.
"Your present murd'rous offer I decline.
"Preserve your life, I 'm not yet tir'd of mine.
"Boast of your honour—prove it if you can,
"I shall not therefore call you, Gentleman.
"In truth I ne'er had cause to think you so;
"And wherefore should I change opinions now?
"Yet, if nought else than fighting can me save,
"I 'll try once more, the arms that nature gave:
"And if these fail to satisfy—why then,
"You'll find me not afraid of Gentlemen.
"Choose your own friend, appoint the place and time.
"I shall take care to meet you there with mine."
Arrangements made, the youth his course pursued,
And left the enemy to chew his cud.

My readers now, impatient of delay,
Their Bard, obsequious, just takes time to say,
That having met, Eugenius press'd so hard on
His rival, that he humbly sued for pardon.
'Twas promptly granted, and they parted—friends!
So here one narrative of folly ends.

From passions unrestrain'd what woes proceed!
What countless thousands have for trifles bled!
Hail! bless'd philanthropy! offspring of Heav'n,
To wayward man, thro' thee, Emanuel giv'n.

At thy mysterious incarnation, sing
Light's first born sons. With thy high praises ring,
The vast, the boundless, vivified domains,
Where'er the Logos in perfection reigns!
Oh! by Thy sacred influence transform
Our brutal nature, and our bosoms warm
With love to Thee! Our jarring passions calm;
Heal our dissentions by thy potent balm;
Grant us the pow'r, those lusts to sacrifice,
Whence wars proceed, and in Thy glory rise,
Conform'd in all things to Thy gracious plan,
Of peace on earth, and love of man, to man!

BOOK IV.

Vacation, long expected, now was come,
And each alumnus set his face for home.
Eugenius, with a mind not well at ease,
And doubting lest his conduct might not please,
When strict investigation should be made;
His journey homeward some short time delay'd,
But finding urgent reasons for departing,
In earnest he began to think of starting;
And coin'd, meanwhile, some plausible pretences,
For some of his extravagant expenses.
Poor simpleton! this caution was but nonsense,
And why? Because he could not coin a conscience.
Besides, his father had more wit, by half,
Than to be caught with unsubstantial chaff;
And knew too well the wiliness of youth,
To take the counterfeit for sterling truth.
But thus it is: just as we sacrifice
At pleasure's shrine, so genuine virtue dies.

Now, having taken passage in the stage,
The thoughts of home his busy mind engage.
To clasp his sire within his warm embrace,
To view once more each consanguineous face;
The servants' hearty welcome to receive,
E'en trusty Tray's affection to revive—
Were themes on which his mind with rapture dwelt,
And bounding heart with warm emotions felt;
But, ever and anon, to damp his joy,
Conscience, unask'd, obtruded some alloy:
For well he knew how much he had betray'd
His father's confidence; what inroads made
On his desir'd tranquillity, whose care
Impartial, 'twas his privilege to share;

And deeply realiz'd the void within,
Of wonted peace—sure consequence of sin!

At length arriv'd, the yielding gate he tries,
And thro' the window the lov'd group espies.
O'er the wide court-yard to the parlour hastes,
And mutual kindred joy imparts and tastes.
The kitchen next with eager steps he seeks,
Where welcome each domestic's face bespeaks;
While the old house-dog, recognizing, fawns,
Frisks round, and grins delight, and licks his hands.
O'er garden, orchard, mead, and cultur'd grounds,
Eugenius next, with nimble footsteps, bounds:
Now each delightful haunt he reconnoitres.
Now 'neath the vine-entangled arbour loiters;
With busy mem'ry, who, with magic art,
Marshals her phantasms round his captive heart.
Sated and weary, to the house he turns,
And with remorse his recent folly mourns;
Expecting soon the scrutiny to stand,
To answer each enquiry and demand;
What progress at the college he had made?
What sums, for necessaries, he had paid—
How he his leisure hours had spent—and where—
What choice of company he made while there?
With more to the same purport—all to prove
The youth's fidelity, and filial love.
These, by his father, in due time propos'd,
Were by Eugenius faithfully disclos'd;
But how with blushes was his face suffus'd,
When bills of various items were produc'd;
All which, to the account of folly plac'd,
His sire offended, and himself disgrac'd.
Long too he suffer'd, after full confession,
Ere he regain'd the unreserv'd possession
Of confidence paternal—sacred treasure!
Thus basely forfeited by lawless pleasure.

But time, a mantle for his failings wove,
Of Lethean filling, in a chain of love.
Incomparable artist! taught by thee,
How man approximates the Deity!

Eugenius, ere vacation term was ended,
Found all the breaches comfortably mended;
And all his wants pecuniary supplied,
Once more his promis'd resolution tried:
Attended in due state by his old croney,
Each mounted on his former nag and pony.
Now, tho' the reader scarce will think it true,
The honest Bard must bring an act to view,
Which maugred all resolve and fair confession,
And prov'd Eugenius—'ablins nae tentation.'
For just as they had reach'd about midway,
It happen'd to be, what is call'd, Fair-day;
When country folk in annual concourse run,
To traffic, or to spend the time—in fun:
And all the town, except a few wiseacres,
Are buying vanities, and cutting capers.
So the young student, and his hopeful servant,
Who of such holidays was too observant,
Concluded to lie by, a day or so,
And do—as they saw other people do.
Eugenius, having cash at his command,
Dash'd to and fro with an unsparing hand;
Meanwhile the servant, Harry, was not slack
To husband time, ere master sent him back.
Encourag'd by example, and the rhino,
Nunc choreis—nunc scortillisque vino;
Enjoy'd the feast of folly and of crime,
And left reflection to a future time.
But ah! Reflection, tho' it follow late,
O'ertakes each heedless spendthrift—sure as fate!
To-day, he revels—may escape to-morrow;
But he who sows in sin, must reap in sorrow.
The day approaches, when the madd'ning thought
Of judgment, with the blackest horror fraught,

Shall turn to wormwood the Circean bowl;
His peace disturb—and harrow up his soul!
Rejoice, thou libertine, in this thy day,
Give to thine appetite unbounded sway;
Satiate thy heart with all that lust desires,
Delight thine eyes with all that pride admires;
Dance, uncontrol'd, thine epicurean round,
To music's soft, entrancing, dulcet sound;
Let beauteous woman lavish all her charms
On thee, and languish in thy raptur'd arms:
Yet shall the faithful witness for the LORD
Reprove thee, by the thunder of his word;
Thy darkness by his lightning re-illume—
Press on thy vision, scenes of wo to come!

Now, two whole days in dissipation lost,
All scores being paid, the piper and the host;
With aching head and heart, he mounted horse,
And, Harry by his side, resum'd his course.
Much did they think, but little spake, the while;
Till in the ev'ning late, they reach'd Carlisle:
Where our Eugenius found a number waiting
To bid him welcome, and enjoy a chatting.
Of friends, by some call'd duns, there were enough,
Anxious, enquiring for the shining stuff,
Which should erase his mem'ry from their books—
And this they evidenc'd by eager looks;
Not doubting that he 'd brought a full supply,
Wherewith to satisfy them by and bye.
And so he did—from home—but at the fair,
Had leak'd out more, by half, than he could spare!
This now he realiz'd, with heart-felt pain—
But gently put them off, with—'call again.'—
Impatient grown, and fearing something wrong;
(To save a repetition of the song)
They plainly told him, that another day
Was all, they 'd grant him, their demands to pay;

And, in default, they had made up their mind,
By law, to try the full amount to find.
This rous'd Eugenius' fears, who sought his banker,
Gain'd a new loan, by telling him—a spanker!
Back'd by fair promises of—what he knew,
'Twere little less than miracle to do.
This serv'd the present ferment to allay,
And give a respite till a future day:
But—as this future day was sure to come,
The dernier resort was, writing home,
And, by pretence of num'rous things extra,
Till then unknown, a fresh supply to draw.
His letter written, lest it should miscarry,
He gave it in strict charge to hopeful Harry;
Whom, with the horses, he 'd too long detain'd,
From home, and for excuse had sickness feign'd.
And, lest his plan should suffer a defeat,
Had brib'd him well, to carry on the cheat.
This done—the servant in post-haste return'd,
And sad Eugenius at his leisure mourn'd.
Thus hath the Bard produc'd a finish'd sample
Of gross misconduct: not as an example
For imitation, but that thoughtless youth
May read, and blush to deviate from truth!
May ev'ry cobweb covering despise.
And scorn the baseless subterfuge of lies.
Folly, tho' fair and specious be its fruit,
Yet shame and mis'ry rankle at the root.
All, like Eugenius, this event have found,
Whose devious feet had press'd forbidden ground.
Dying, or penitent, their language, this:
"The path of wisdom, is the path of bliss!"

The morn had now the busy world illum'd,
When academic studies were resum'd;
And at the hour, Eugenius sought the college,
Where numbers flock'd again, to drink in knowledge:

But oft his mind, in restless mood would roam,
Wide from his studies, 'midst the scenes of home.
Most for his venerable sire he griev'd,
By acts of studied baseness twice deceiv'd;
And oft the retrospect would wound him sore,
And wring the promise, that he 'd sin no more;
For tho' by pleasure's syren voice seduc'd,
Th' infatuate youth his better sense abus'd;
Yet oft, reproving truth's convictive word,
(Swift messenger of Heav'n) Eugenius heard.
Then, with the blush of shame, and tear of sorrow,
Would he resolve to mend his way—to-morrow—
But ever, as the promis'd morrow came,
'Resolv'd, and re-resolv'd'—and liv'd the same.

Things thus went on, nor likely to be better,
Till he receiv'd the long-expected letter,
In answer to the one, by Harry sent;
But found, alas! no cash contain'd within 't.
In lieu, he found a mixture of reproof
And counsel, more than he then thought enough;
With positive refusal e'er to pay
His debts of honour to his latest day:
Refusal irreversible—he knew!
So deeply pond'ring what 'twere best to do:
Concluded, on his creditors to call,
And without hesitation, tell them—all,
And, tho' a minor, faithfully engage
To pay them, soon as he arriv'd at age.
These, knowing it their interest to agree,
E'en made a virtue of necessity:
And he, as in the sequel we record,
Not only kept—but more than kept—his word.
This done, with heart elate he sought his room,
Where his lov'd Violin dispers'd what gloom
Yet thinly vapour'd o'er his flexile mind;
And, in a song, gave sorrow to the wind!

BOOK V.

Time, now, on gilded plumage wing'd his flight,
And objects to his view again were bright:
Save that, at intervals, a transient shade
His sky obscur'd, and secret fears betray'd.
Still, from his sports and studies, ever new,
Our alchemist some sweet elixir drew,
'Gainst adverse gales, his mind to fortify.
Tho' fickle fortune frown'd, his pulse beat high
With hope, that other days might change his lot.
Nor were his studies in his sports forgot:
Anxious he stretch'd toward the wish'd-for goal,
With all the vigour of an ardent soul;
In glad anticipation hail'd the day,
When a diploma he should bear away;
And to his doubting sire delighted prove,
His claim, in some degree, to reconciled love.
But ah! these blissful visions soon were o'er,
For now, as oft had been his lot before;
Events quite unforeseen recall'd him home,
And marr'd his prospects for the time to come!
Disease, his father's mansion had assail'd,
And with unwonted violence prevail'd.
(The country round, its baneful influence shar'd,
Without respect of persons: none were spar'd,
Who breath'd the miasmatic atmosphere:)
But he, who was the bond of union there,
Was now, to cares judicial, call'd away,
Nor was expected till a distant day.
Eugenius sad intelligence receiv'd,
And, tho' his studies to suspend, he griev'd;
Yet could he not a needless moment waste,
But hurried home, to succour the distress'd.
And not more welcome to the thirsty hart,
By hounds pursu'd, and writhing with the smart

Of archer's weapon—is the cooling stream;
Or, to the lover, the Elysian dream,
Than was Eugenius. But why time employ,
Or readers weary, to describe the joy,
Which lighted up each pallid kindred face,
In momentary hectic, when the embrace
Of love fraternal, in succession, pass'd,
Warm, and more warm, as he approach'd the last!
E'en could the Bard command a Cowper's pen,
With his angelic muse inspir'd—what then?
He, in whose soul emotions human live,
Can, without these, the native col'ring give;
Which, to the solitary stoïc breast,
Were 'pearls to swine'—or labour lost at best.
Here, with assiduous tenderness, his hours
Were all devoted, save when nature's pow'rs,
By daily care, and nightly vigils tir'd,
Or aliment or "balmy sleep," requir'd.
Nor vain his anxious hopes and efforts prov'd,
Amaz'd, he saw the kindred whom he lov'd,
By arm Omnipotent to health restor'd;
And with warm gratitude that God ador'd,
Who wounds and heals, who 'bringeth to the grave.'
And whose prerogative it is—to save!
Now was Eugenius, in his turn, to bow
Beneath the spreading epidemic's blow.
Erewhile, solicitude for others' weal
Had kept disease at bay, like coat of steel:
But—this remov'd—the prey defenceless stood,
And sick'ning, trembled as the foe pursu'd.
A wint'ry earthquake follow'd in the train,
Which, with relentless fury, shook his frame;
Next, to delirium urg'd, solsticial heat
Or parch'd with thirst—or delug'd him with sweat:
Then, leaving him his sad estate to mourn,
Prepar'd their forces for a fresh return.
Successive visits, on alternate days,
For two whole weeks, the fierce destroyer pays;

Till youthful stamina, with aid of art,
Compel the hideous dæmon to depart.
Nature, enfeebled by the tedious strife,
Gradual returns to renovated life;
And, health and wonted energies renew'd,
In silent praise he own'd the Sov'reign God,
Whose gracious Will ensures us length of days:
And all whose works demand his creature's praise.
Ah! what true bliss, ingratitude foregoes!
The independent mind but little knows
Of pure delight—who sees not God in all
The chastisements, which froward man befal.
Prone, by inheritance, to leave the way,
By Providence assign'd; and thoughtless stray,
In paths seductive—all which downward lead
The wand'rer, to the chambers of the dead:
What, but affliction, can his course arrest,
Or force the child of folly to be—bless'd!
How sweetly doth the Psalmist, Israel's king,
By suff'rings taught, afflictions praises sing!
See the great monarch bow beneath the rod,
In deep contrition, hear him cry—'My God!
Just are thy judgments, mixt with mercy—all.
Behold thy servant David prostrate fall!
'Tis love that chastens, whensoe'er I stray;
Thy friendly rod restores me to the way
Of life and peace; and shall my staff become,
E'en thro' the vale of death's terrific gloom!'

A MUTUAL joy the happy household feel,
And looks, and words, and acts, the joy reveal.
Forth from their prison'd home they venture now,
Nature's fair face, adorn'd by art, to view:
And all, as suited best the sex or age,
Are seen in toil or pastime to engage;
Till cautious prudence, like a faithful friend,
Points them to home, ere ev'ning damps descend:

There to await them stands the sweet repast
Of China's shrub imperial—to the taste,
With cream, and "gusty sucker" grateful made;
And e'en the tempting loaf of wheaten bread,
And butter from the springhouse, fresh and cool;
With other wholesome viands to the full.
One guest yet fail'd, without whom they seem'd lost—
Their absent father—many a wish he cost,
And longing look, till he should safe return.—
But here, alas,—frail 'Man is made to mourn.'
And short, and fugitive, are earthly joys!
Some secret thorn each blooming hope annoys;
And, with each wound, is this memento giv'n,
'Man! seek not here thy rest—'tis found in Heav'n.'

The insatiate plague their honour'd sire pursu'd,
While from his home he sought his country's good.
E'en on the judgment seat, in evil hour,
He felt, and strove against, the baneful pow'r.
Anxious, his circuit's toilsome task to close,
And in home's bosom to enjoy repose;
His jaded, sinking faculties, he urg'd
Beyond re-action, till completely merg'd
In one asthenic chaos, he gave o'er—
Ne'er to resume forensic labours more!
Now at his quiet rural home arriv'd,
With mournful welcome was the sage receiv'd.
And ah! with boding fears Eugenius heard,
His trembling father's slow, prophetic word,
While, on his arm sustain'd, with faithless feet
The stairs ascending, to his last retreat!—
'Hear me, Eugenius,—Ne'er again shall I
'These steps ascend. My mandate is—to die:
'Sentence is pass'd—nought can avert the doom!
'Haste—lead me to my solitary room,
'For much my feeble frame desires repose:
'And oh! that there my life, in peace may close!

'I fear not death. I know that God is just,
'And in forgiving mercy, humbly trust;
'To boast, I dare not: this, my only plea—
'And 'tis enough—that Jesus died for—me!'
Fault'ring, yet firm, he spake—then sought his bed,
And, in five suff'ring days, was number'd with
the dead!

Thus was the shepherd smitten, and the sheep
Left, their sad orphan state to feel and weep.
Keenly they felt—and long, and sore, they wept;
While sympathy, in friends of sunshine, slept.
The parasitic crowd now bent aloof;
Scarce was the door saluted by one hoof,
Of all the fawning herd, who erst were seen,
To court their favour with obsequious mein!
Adversity now mark'd them for their own,
And young Eugenius was her chosen son.
Torn from the lap of science, at a time
When most he burn'd her rugged steep to climb;
He sank beneath necessity's controul,
Which chill'd the genial current of his soul;
And all his dreams of future glory fled,
Ev'n while it beam'd around his hapless head!
Yet oft, at intervals, a glimpse he caught:
And, like the child, th' illusive rainbow sought;
Still as he follow'd the ideal good,
The phantom mock'd, and he in vain pursu'd.

The heritage paternal, well adjusted,
Thro' aid of faithful men, by law entrusted,
Who to administer had volunteer'd;
Eugenius to his native town repair'd.
(His debts all paid, his portion now was scant,
And call'd for industry to keep from want.)
There with a worthy jurisprudent plac'd,
He for six months the crowded office grac'd:
But Blackstone for Eugenius had no charms,
He found more solace in a fair nymph's arms,

Who dwelt beneath the sage attorney's roof;
And for whose sake he tarried, long enough.
A prudent resolution therefore took,
And law, for physic, hastily forsook:
But not without regret to leave his friend,
Whose gen'rous heart had proffer'd to extend,
Without remuneration, all the aid,
His studies to complete; had he but staid.
Nor e'er, in after life, did HOPKINS' name
Fail to awaken gratitude's pure flame;
And, as he view'd him rising at the bar,
To eminence unrivall'd, as a star
Of brightest lustre, amidst numbers bright;
His soul enjoy'd a filial delight.

Two sons of Æsculapius flourish'd then.
Well skill'd in their profession. Both were men
Whom sire Hippocrates, of deathless name,
Might not have blush'd, in fellowship to claim;
Brave, gen'rous HAND, and philosophic KUHN,
This was *Germania's*—that, *Hibernia's* son:
He, with a noble and paternal care,
Caus'd his young pupil, without stint, to share
The lib'ral comforts of the bed and board;
His mind with medical instruction stor'd:
Taught him, the various simples to compound,
Led him, when prudent, in his visits round,
Dispensing healing aid; nor fail'd to shew,
In bed-side lectures, how the Protean foe
Was best detected—and how, best assail'd:
And oft his favour'd skill o'er death prevail'd.
And tho' he mov'd in an exalted sphere;
To ev'ry child of want, he bow'd his ear.
No office for the sick, with him too mean—
His greatness in humility was seen!
Oft has he left the brilliant, social hall,
Forgone its pleasures at affliction's call;
And, with that hand, long us'd the sword to wield,
In what the world misnomers, glory's field;

His well taught skill chirurgical would prove,
Temper'd alike with fortitude and love.

With him, the youth scarce one short year had spent;
When discord's sons, on deeds of mischief bent,
Rebellious, rose against their country's laws,
Basely pretending liberty the cause!
Theirs was, the Whiskey Insurrection, nam'd,
But soon, with promptitude unthought of, tam'd.
For he, Columbia's darling Son and Sire,
Who taught her to defy *Britania's* ire,
Assert her Independence, with the word
Of thunder, back'd by the resistless sword;
Who "caus'd the storm of horrid war to cease,"
By Heav'ns permission; and had sway'd in peace,
The brightest sceptre, that e'er grac'd the hand
Of mortal ruler, o'er fair freedom's land;
Who late, with honours ripe, had humbly laid
His civic crown aside—for Vernon's shade:
Still felt the flame of patriot love to glow,
And, at his country's call, arose to crush the foe;
To prostrate fell rebellion to the ground—
Transfix the hydra with a deadly wound;
And teach posterity, that *freedom's cause*
Then suffers most, when freemen break her laws.

Forth, from the plough, once more in armour clad,
In all his wonted majesty array'd;
His country's bulwark—in himself a host—
See! Washington advancing to the post
Of chief command! while hundreds, at his word,
Haste to unsheathe the long-quiescent sword.
From east and west, from north and south they come:
Hark! the war-breathing trumpet and the drum,
With concert fife, throughout each state, invite
Vet'ran and youth to wage the vengeful fight!

Columbia's Eagle, from his forest-throne,
Eyes the bright armour, glittering in the sun;
Shakes his dark plumes; low bends his hoary crest,
As if t' enquire—Who dar'd disturb his rest?
Soon his keen glance the well-known chief espies,
While troops of freemen, rallying round him, rise!
His jealous spirit, kindling at the sight,
Re-nerves his sinewy wings for distant flight.
Spurning his lofty nest, he soars along,
The woods re-echoing with his shrill war-song:
On well-pois'd pinions cleaves the yielding air;
Till o'er the tented field arriv'd—and there—
Awhile, on balance, motionless remains,
Save that his snowy neck he downward strains:
Next, wheels, in reconnoit'ring circuits, round,
Successive, nearing to the martial ground—
Now, at the Hero's feet, majestic, lights,
Flaps his broad wings, the envied smile invites;
Soon feels the welcome hand to stroke his crest,
And smoothe the plumage of his noble breast;
Perches, contented, on the thund'ring gun;
And Heav'n enjoys, in guarding Freedom's Son!

BOOK VI.

The troops of Pennsylvania, on were led
By ardent Mifflin, then her lawful head.
Well skill'd in arms—in eloquence as well,
'Twas his, the youthful bosom to enswell
With love of martial glory, and inspire
To deeds of valour, worthy of each sire.
Nor vain his eloquence: each free-born soul,
Felt but the common flame that warm'd the whole.
Eugenius, yet a minor, clos'd his book,
Besought his kind preceptor, with a look
That baffled all denial, for permission,
T' equip and arm, for this fam'd expedition.
And having, of his guardian, leave obtain'd,
(With ease, for that they both now held command,)
Behold the youth, from life to death transform'd,
And, late the healer, strut, the soldier arm'd!

Now for 'Farewell,' to sweet-hearts and to friends.
Slow, to the west, the new-born army tends.
Thro' rain, and mud, and sleet, and drifting snow,
Onward they move, and burn to meet the foe;
Save a few weaklings, whose misgiving mind
Fear'd death at ev'ry step—in ev'ry wind:
These, having march'd some twenty miles or more,
Return'd to peace and safety as before.
This, sure, was prudent—if it was not brave,
Man, true to nature, seeks, his life to save;
And ev'n in battle, he who runs away,
May fight if so he please, another day!
Yet still, there want not men, reputed wise,
Who scruple not to charge to cowardice,
The just conclusions of such men of sense,
As follow nature's law of self-defence!

To waive digression, and 'sub judice'
Leave this dispute, and those who chose to stay;
The busy Bard, in duty bound, must face
To the right, and march, into his proper place.

Thro' many a staring village did they pass,
And many a smile they got from many a lass;
For, Reader, be this secret to thee known:
As 'Saints in crape, are two-fold saints in lawn,'
So men, tho' bold enough a fort to storm,
Are still but *men*—without their uniform.
This makes them twice as brave, to female view;
Which, when encamp'd, or on a march, will do.
Eugenius was not without good conceit.
That he would fight the foe, were they to meet.
His comrades too, all thought he was good stuff,
But, be this as it might—there wanted proof.
Still, with light heart, his duty he perform'd;
It matter'd little, how it rain'd or storm'd;
Or whether in his tent, or mounting guard,
A soldier's duty was to him not hard.
Let him but have his rations and a song,
Content was his companion, all day long,
And all night too; for aye his sleep was sound,
Whether on straw, or on the bare, moist ground.
The morning gun scarce ever caught him napping,
Nor did he need the reveillé drum's tapping,
To rouse him from his slumber, soft and sweet:
But up, and dress'd was he, all clean and neat,
T' enjoy the early concert, loud and shrill,
Reverberating o'er, from hill to hill;
And, thro' the undulating air around,
Commingling into one harmonious sound.

March follows march, in bloodless enterprize,
No foe appears: but ev'ry dastard flies,
As loyalty advances—save a few,
That know not where to flee, or what to do:

These are secur'd, and under proper guard,
Sent to receive their merited reward.
Thus ended the campaign, with toil replete,
And thus rebellion suffer'd a defeat.
By simply—marching a few thousand men
To PITTSBURG—and then—marching back again!
But think not that Eugenius, all this while
A blank remain'd—Oft he 'd the hours beguile
With mimic song, or trick, or merry jest,
To drown what else might seem but toil, at best.
In short, he sometimes sacred things would handle,
And pray—and preach—and sing—in very scandal
Of holy office, till all in a roar,
He 'd set the camp! But oft for this felt sore!
Yea, when in after life, borne down with grief,
For past transgression, he besought relief
From bitter pangs, of that pure SOURCE OF GOOD,
Thro' His immaculate REDEEMING BLOOD:
How were these follies set in black array,
Till GRACE, relenting, wash'd their stains away!

ONE serious trick upon himself, the Bard
Must now relate, as from his mouth he heard:
It chanc'd, one afternoon, when homeward bound,
The snow two inches deep upon the ground,
That, as the troops were marching, at slow rate,
Thro' roads of slush and mud; as driv'n by fate,
A Deer, affrighted, rush'd athwart the ranks,
Without leave ask'd, or e'er returning thanks.
Eugenius, who, the night before, had stood
On guard, and in his musket kept the load;
At once pursued with inconsiderate haste,
Far, thro' the pathless wood, in nimble chace.
Awhile he track'd his game—thro' clogging snow,
But stopp'd at length, nor knew which course to go.
For now he reach'd a wide extended plain,
Where not a remnant of the snow was seen.

The fierce northwest had stripp'd the surface bare,
Whirling its fleecy cov'ring high in air.
Around its border, with chagrin he pac'd,
But not a vestige of the deer he trac'd:
Till, vex'd and weary, he his folly mourn'd;
And fain would to his comrades have return'd.
Eager he listen'd for the distant sound
Of drum or fife: But silence reign'd profound!
In vain, to measure back his steps he sought,
Lost in the mazes which himself had wrought.
Approaching night his youthful heart appal'd:
Verging despondence, loud and oft he call'd;
If haply some one, hunting late. might hear;
But vain his hope—no human foot was near!
Weary and hungry, friendless and alone,
Without defence, except his trusty gun;
Venting his sorrows in the listless air;
He wrapp'd him in the mantle of despair.
But, as kind Providence had will'd it, lo!
Just o'er the top of a deep mound of snow,
Appear'd a light, dim shining from afar;
Hope sprang afresh: he knew 'twas not a star;
For storm-fraught clouds had veil'd the blue expanse;
Which gave Eugenius courage to advance.
Cautious he stepp'd, lest in the treach'rous wave
Of snow, high drifted, he might find a grave.
His course he varied, to the left or right,
Or forward; watching wishfully the light.
A straw-thatch'd cabin he espi'd, at length,
When rallying his small remains of strength;
His tott'ring limbs the humble threshold gain'd:
He knock'd, and kind admittance soon obtain'd.
The aged host, somewhat alarm'd appear'd,
When first Eugenius enter'd—for he fear'd,
No good intention could, thus late. have brought
A warlike stranger; and himself bethought,
To seize a rifle, in his own defence;
But the youth's manner held him in suspense:

And when his artless narrative he heard,
Suspicion vanish'd. Promptly he prepar'd
Such simple banquet as he had in store;
And bade him welcome—Could a prince do more?
To it he went, with appetite full keen,
And quaff'd the grog, and stripp'd the platter clean;
Grateful to bounteous Heav'n, and to his host,
He rose refresh'd—and soon in sleep was lost.

The ruddy morn now ushers in apace,
And darkness, fleeing, seeks a hiding place:
His horn the huntsman winds; the unkennel'd hound,
Symphonious ululates, and snuffs the ground.
Now lost Eugenius, with new vigor brac'd,
Leaps from his humble couch; and clad in haste,
Comes forth, accoutred, to salute his host,
And, thankful for his care, enquire the cost.
The gen'rous woodsman, with a placid air,
Replies: 'No mercenary soul dwells here:
'Welcome thou hast been to the bed and board,
'And I can yet a breakfast well afford.
'Then be content with but a short delay;
'And to the camp my son shall lead the way.
'Last night, they pitch'd eight miles southeastward hence,
'But you 'll surprise them ere they strike their tents.'

The Chestnut Coffee in a trice was got,
And Ven'son Steak, which a spruce damsel brought;
Whom modest bashfulness had hid, till now
Compell'd, her pretty rosy face to shew.
'Your daughter, I presume'—Eugenius said,—
And bow'd, respectful, to the blushing maid:
'My only daughter'—the kind host repli'd—
And my chief comfort, since her mother died.'

—'Take care of her, my friend, lest you should lose her,
'For I mistake, if some one else don't choose her:'
Thus archly spake the youth, and, leering sly,
Caught the keen glances of her laughing eye.
Then, gallantry aside, he fell to work,
And play'd most manfully at knife and fork;
With coffee the interstices fill'd up,
Sukey, untir'd, replenishing his cup.
Now, having risen from the gen'rous board,
Well satisfied, and with a heart well stor'd
With gratitude, which by the lips found vent;
His course with speed he to the army bent.
Nor did the promis'd youthful pilot grudge,
In company th' unbeaten road to trudge;
Bearing a wallet, with a dainty piece
Of ven'son, for the officers to slice.
Right glad Eugenius was, of this, I trow;
For he well knew 'twould smooth the captain's brow;
And mitigate, in part, the reprimand,
Which, else, had come with an unsparing hand.
The tented soldiery soon met his sight,
And fill'd our hero with a mix'd delight
And fear—for he expected a reproof;
Tho' as he thought, he 'd suffer'd quite enough.
Yet, having more to hope for, than to fear,
He squar'd his cap, quite a la militaire;
Advanc'd with steady step, and took his post,
Among his messmates, who had thought him lost;
And introduc'd his friend, the gen'rous youth,
Who of his story could well vouch the truth.
Then, to his officers, obeisance made;
And, with respect, their clemency he pray'd:
The ven'son next produc'd, his cause to plead,
Which fail'd not happily to intercede.
But of some jokes, Eugenius bore the brunt;
And long it was ere he forgot—the Hunt.

The youthful rustic, ere he took his leave.
Consented, a small present to receive;
As a memorial of warm gratitude—
Then homeward, thro' the woods, his course pursued.
And now no more of war the Bard shall write.
Save that the troops return'd home, from the fight
Of elements, with many trophies crown'd:
And long may fame their valiant deeds resound!

His wonted duties, after some delay,
In cooling off—as bacchanalian's say,
Behold Eugenius wisely re-assume,
With view to usefulness in time to come.
His good preceptor, venerable Hand,
Who late in the campaign had borne command;
Now re-appli'd his mind and heart, to heal,
Or, as a statesman, plan the public weal;
But, being well advanc'd in hoary years,
Soon sought release from these his arduous cares:
And, near the city, purchas'd a retreat,
Call'd '*Rockford*'—a romantic country-seat—
With much of nature left, his time to employ,
And much of art, at leisure to enjoy:
The winding *Conostogo* kiss'd its shore,
And, for the tribute, rich alluvion bore.
Thither, retiring from the busy town,
His practice he declin'd, and sat him down.

Now saw Eugenius, with an aching heart,
The day approaching, from his Friend to part!
To change, once more—to meet adventure new;
Presenting to his mind a dreary view:
Yet, rich in buoyant spirits, and in hope,
Which oft had sweeten'd his embitter'd cup;
He left, resignedly, this second Home,
Loath to anticipate his future doom.
For 'res angusta' scarcely would allow
That he to the metropolis should go;

Yet, being his preceptor's last advice,
He deem'd it best—whate'er might be the price.

Arrangements with his guardian first were made;
A sum, then due by bond, was promptly paid—
'Twas no great sum, indeed—but quite enough,
Imprimis, our adventurer to fix off.
And other gales were likely to ensue,
As needed—should he make his wants but few.
Now, Reader, 'twas Eugenius' full intent;
Right carefully to husband ev'ry cent!
To each professor, so much must be paid—
For other purposes, provision made:
And, in his mind, resolv'd to keep account
Of ev'ry item—the exact amount:
With prudence plann'd the course he should pursue,
Just what he would, and what he would not, do.
Of so much foresight did he seem possess'd,
That none who did not know him, would have guess'd,
What brittle stuff compos'd his resolution—
How soon his funds would suffer diminution.
But, having fix'd upon a time for starting;
He thought, a little cantico at parting,
With some of his companions, could not harm:
So kept it up awhile, 'till somewhat warm.
And, as the custom is, when wine had enter'd,
And snug was in the throne of reason centred;
It turn'd her out of doors; and soon made way
For over-heated passions to bear sway.
These must the pabulum appropriate find;
And what more suited to the abject mind,
Than cards, and dice—the radicals of evil—
The art and text book of "Nick Ben,' the devil!
These by some men of wits were introduc'd;
And for a time some trifling games amus'd:

Till by degrees, they more advent'rous grew,
And for deep stakes the spotted ivory threw.
Eugenius found his treasure ebbing fast;
And, to retrieve it, made a desp'rate cast,
If possible, the shining board to sweep,
At which he stole an avaricious peep;
And cried: 'Fortuna favet Fortibus!'
But soon perceiv'd: 'Non stulto, sortibus:'
For an old sharper, who had shunn'd the bowl,
With sober cunning, robb'd him of the whole!
(That is, of all the booty on the board)
And soon into his gaping pocket pour'd:
Then, with a studied smile, and graceful bow,
He bade 'good night,' and said, he needs must go;
For bus'ness of importance call'd him thence;
And hop'd they 'd with his company dispense!
Judge, Reader! if thou canst, what pangs of soul
Were his, when brought to recollection cool!
Shame, and remorse, and frenzy, and despair,
Each, in its turn, now sway'd the empire there.
His passage he must take, by dawn to-morrow—
His funds near spent! he knew not where to borrow!
Behold the plans, concerted with such care,
Now frustrate, all, and vanish'd into air!
What could he do—or whither look for aid?
With body languid, and a heart dismay'd;
In sleep he sought his sorrow to forget;
Then, fev'rish rose, and took his dreary seat.
Time pass'd unheeded, as the rapid car
Convey'd him onward, till he saw, from far,
The lofty spires of PHILADELPHIA rise;
To sadden—not rejoice—his aching eyes.
Quick, o'er the time-proof bridge, impetuous, pass'd
The bounding stage-coach; till the steeds at last,
Panting, and sweating, to the goal arriv'd,
Where *Dunwoody* the weary guests receiv'd.

Soon as with food and gen'rous wine refresh'd;
Eugenius, of a school-mate went in quest:
And, having found him, begg'd that, as a friend,
Appropriate boarding he might recommend;
Hinting as prudently as well he could,
That his finances were not very good;
And that, content with mediocrity.
The terms must neither be too low, nor high.
A place soon offer'd, than which, had he sought
The city through, none better had he got.
Neatness herself might be an inmate there,
Nor fear her dress to soil with dusty chair.
Order and quietness were more than names—
For the two mistresses were Quaker dames;
Nor were they prudish, nor at all severe,
Tho' 'tis confess'd, Eugenius oft was queer:
And sang his song, and play'd his violin:
But they were lenient, nor thought it sin.
And though full oft he seem'd less wise than funny,
Aunty still bore with all from 'saucy Sonny:'
Nor at a joke would cousin vainly quake,
But e'en would laugh, till very sides did shake.

BOOK VII.

THE accomplish'd BARTON, his preceptor now,
Skill'd to "behold the lilies, how they grow:"
From nature's lap to cull each plant and flow'r,
Or for delight, or fraught with healing pow'r:
Toward the youth extended fostering care,
Urg'd him, by application, to prepare
For honour medical, in proper time;
Nor idly waste of life the precious prime.
Awhile he seem'd on study fully bent,
And to his lectures regularly went:
But ere nine months elaps'd, his heart misgave him,
No means appear'd from penury to save him.
Oft too, on pay-days, he was at a stand
For cash, much needed, but beyond command.
True, he was vain, and much too fond of pleasure,
His heart oft sailing faster than his treasure;
And therefore much of his distress and care
Was his own daily manufactur'd ware.
Yet, when 'tis recollected, that the mind,
Just as in childhood bent, is still inclin'd;
That fortune seem'd to smile upon his birth,
And raise his hopes above the *toils* of earth,
That adverse winds, in life's fair spring, had rag'd,
And war unequal with the stripling wag'd:
What wonder, that his fragile barque, now toss'd,
The helm unshipp'd, and his best pilot lost;
Should on life's billowy ocean vacillate,
As if impatient of a quiet state?

HE now resolv'd, from books to shake him free,
Pay off all scores, and brave the boist'rous sea.

A master of a merchantman he knew—
Propos'd to him the plan he had in view,
Which was, as foremast hand on board to enter,
And, doucing long-tacks, as a sailor venture.
This proposition caus'd his friend to stare,
And not a little at his folly swear.
Strong arguments he urg'd against his plan:
'Why! what 's broke now—what 's got into the man?
'Can't you be quiet at your books ashore?
'What would you want, you lubber? Ocean's roar,
'And sailors' toils, don't suit such lads as you:
'Go home—resolve your studies to pursue.
'To sea before the mast! Well—that 's a whaler!
'Whoever knew such green horn make a sailor?'
Thus, and much more, the honest captain said,
But no impression on Eugenius made:
For go he would, and if he chose to take him,
'Twas well—if not, he knew he could not make him:
But surely some one else he thought he 'd find,
Whose views were more congenial with his mind.
'Well, well—if you *will* go—why, there 's an end on 't;
'I 'll take you—but, I say, you may depend on 't,
'If I don't make a sailor of you, boy,
'I 'll know, ere we come back, the reason why.'

Preliminaries settled, off he went,
Purchas'd sea clothes, his student's tacks unbent;
And laid them by, for holidays and so—
Then, almost at a loss, himself to know—
With sailor jacket, vest, and trowsers wide,
Straw hat, neat pumps, silk hose, and 'kerchief ti'd
Around his check shirt collar, loose and free,
Hair queu'd as ship-shape as queu'd hair could be:

Thus rigg'd, with switch in hand, he steer'd his way,
To see his captain—hear what he should say:
And weather all his jokes, so sure to come,
Provided MAXWELL he should find at home.
And sure enough, he found the seaman snug
Moor'd along side his wife, with can of grog;
Puffing the Spaniard with a right good will,
And, though in smoke envelop'd, smoking still.
'The ship, ahoy!—Whence came you—whither bound?'
Was the first welcome that Eugenius found:
A broadside next of oaths—no more than powder,
Yet harsh enough to make the novice shudder.
Then came the small-shot jokes, like show'r of hail,
Cracking against him as he crowded sail!
But, strange to tell, Eugenius was not hurt,
They could not penetrate beyond his shirt!
With sweet, engaging air, of polish'd life,
And heart benevolent, the lovely wife,
Made full amends for all: and, blythe and gay,
The trio pass'd a memorable day.

THE fix'd agreement, ere he took his leave,
Was, that Eugenius wages should receive,
Proportion'd to his labour and his skill;
And that he should submit, with a free will,
To all commands. But in consideration
Of what had been, on shore, his former station;
The gen'rous captain proffer'd that his fare
Should in the cabin be, with him to share.

CLEAR was the sky, and cold and bleak the day,
For February now maintain'd his sway,
When the old water-boat, SUSANNA nam'd,
A brig for philosophic movement fam'd,
And steady independence—never known
To envy others' speed, or boast her own:

From stem to stern well freighted and well found;
Was fit for sea. And now the welcome sound—
'On board! my boys'—salutes Eugenius' ears;
Who heeds the summons, and on deck appears.
(His task soon o'er, from friends and all to part;
His face-lights swabb'd, and with a cheery heart)
Gallanting lady Maxwell, who, long time,
Of precious health had suffer'd a decline.
She now, this choicest blessing to regain,
Ventur'd on board, to 'tempt the boist'rous main.
For her, Eugenius had laid in a store
Of entertaining books, and, what was more,
His violin had put in requisition,
In hope, at times, to serve her as musician.

Now, under weigh, and for JAMAICA bound,
Eugenius pulls and hauls, and scuds around,
Where'er commanded: while the quizzing crew
Eye the young would-be tar, from top to toe.
Some call him Captain's Pet; and some, his Son,
All count him lawful game, and poke their fun.
Maxwell, observing how the storm was brewing,
And that 'straws shew which way the wind is blowing;'
Advanc'd, and thus address'd them: 'Now, my boys!
'This youth 's a friend of mine, who, out of choice,
'Goes foremast hand, to see how sailors live.
'He works as you do, and will pay receive,
'According to his merits: so take care
'To use him kindly, boys, and, d'ye hear!
'If e'er I know you treat him otherwise,
'I 'll trim your jackets for you—*d—n my eyes!*'
The three last words, perforce recorded here,
Fain would the Bard have blotted with a tear!
Ah, why should one of noblest mould, whose mind,
By culture and experience well refin'd;

And, to the nicest sense of honour wrought,
Was with each manly virtue richly fraught:
Thus, with what e'en a vassal would disgrace,
Dim the fine gold—*his* character debase!
E'en had he ne'er, in oaths, blasphem'd that
NAME,
Which no man, guiltless ever took in vain;
Yet were such language, prompt at every whim,
Unfit for native nobleman like him!
But, such the force of baneful education,
That seamen boast of it, in ev'ry station.

EUGENIUS took their quizzing in good part,
And did what he could do with willing heart,
And, tho' his cold and blister'd hands evinc'd
That ropes and books were two, yet never flinch'd:
Save that he clapp'd his mittens on a while,
But soon perceiving that this rais'd the smile
Contemptuous, and the "busy whisper round:"
No other safe alternative he found,
Than, off to take them, put them in his pocket,
And, by advice, resort to the tar-bucket;
In which he plung'd them, smarting, o'er and o'er,
And then resum'd his duties as before.
This remedy, in a short time, succeeded,
And tar and mittens were no longer needed.

Now, down the *Delaware*, and out to sea,
Brisk gale, and easy sail, and all in glee;
Eugenius was inclin'd his skill to try,
Among the crew, at physiognomy:
With view to single from them, in the end,
One who might serve as teacher and as friend.
So, putting on as much of sailor air
As, in his circumstances, he could spare;
He sought the forecastle, and sat him down,
And talk'd, and jok'd, till quite familiar grown;
And, ere the reconnoit'ring visits clos'd,
Questions about the rigging he propos'd;

And of the vessel too, from stem to stern,
Aloft, below,—all technicals to learn.
Oft too, at mess-times he 'd his biscuit break
Among them, and of their ship-bread partake:
Or swap his other dainties for their fare—
And learn their songs, or comb and tie their hair.
This conduct, persever'd in, gain'd them all;
Each was now ready, at Eugenius' call,
To lend a friendly hand; but chiefly one,
A vet'ran seaman, mark'd him for his own:
Harris, by name, of brave *Hibernian* blood;
Who long the storms of naval war had stood,
In fam'd Britannia's service; but of late,
Had forfeited his rank, as boatswain's mate,
On board the ship *Bellona*, by desertion;
And made good his escape, with much exertion.
With him Eugenius, when on duty, pair'd;
And knowledge, from his long experience, shar'd.
He taught him how to go aloft, and how
Each rope, and brace, and yard, and sail to know;
How to take in a reef, or hand the sail,
Or steer, in adverse or propitious gale;
To use the marlinespike, a rope to splice,
To work his ball of spun-yarn in a trice—
In short—a seaman's duty, first and last,
Ev'n to the scraping of the deck, or mast.
Maxwell, with pleasure, saw the youth improve,
And to encourage him, at all times strove.
But with far diff'rent eyes, the haughty mate
Beheld him; for his breast with ranc'rous hate,
And envy burn'd: nor could his *little* soul
Endure to see him notic'd, but with foul
And dastard arts, would oftimes interfere,
When Maxwell, his superior, stood not near.
Eugenius long this hostile conduct bore,
But now, determin'd he 'd submit no more;
And plainly told him, that he came not there
To stoop to tyranny, or cringe with fear:

That ev'ry just command he would obey
With promptitude and care, by night or day;
But, to be singled out, and made the sport
Of whim or malice, after any sort,
Was what he had not merited—and more—
That he should call him to account, on shore,
Where, altho' now inferior, yet the sequel
Might prove him to be—quite his lordship's equal.
This ecclaircisement, in the captain's hearing,
Had the effect to bring him to a bearing:
For Maxwell now into the cause enquir'd,
And, when to dinner all hands had retir'd,
To each explain'd his duty and his sphere,
And gave the mate a reprimand severe.

Meanwhile the brig, by petty jars unmov'd,
Her course pursu'd, just at the gait she lov'd.
Sometimes, when in good humour, and high spirits,
With her full suit on, she would shew her merits;
And scamper on, as fast as in her pow'r,
E'en sometimes travel full ten knots an hour!
This, in the Gulf Stream, she was known to do,
When trade winds, at her beck, obsequious blew.
Yet, from the path prescrib'd, she 'd sometimes stray,
Making, what seamen use to call, lee-way:
In truth, the said Susanna had this knack,
Which once had nearly made herself a wreck;
And to the bottom sent all hands aboard—
This circumstance, the Bard shall now record:
'Twas half past three A. M. The gloom of night,
Defi'd, as yet, the golden orb of light,
No mountain wave, impetuous, rear'd his head
O'er ocean's gently undulating bed.
The brig, by wind and sea propitious driv'n,
Seem'd rightly bound toward her destin'd haven:
No danger by the watchful mate was fear'd,
For, by his frequent reck'nings it appear'd,

That much allowance for lee-way was made,
And strict attention to the log-line paid.
The unsuspecting crew were lock'd in sleep,
Save those whose turn it was the watch to keep.
Eugenius and the mate were of this number,
The former on the hencoop, fighting slumber,
When on a sudden there was felt a jar,
As if old NEPTUNE, in his Conchshell car,
By fleet sea-coursers drawn, had, with his trident,
Struck Susan on the nose, or close aside on 't;
And, not content with fetching her one blow,
In anger mythologic, hove down two!
Now, what could have induc'd the wat'ry king,
To perpetrate this most outrageous thing,
Might puzzle HOMER, that great *poem maker*,
To tell; or VIRGIL, his great IMITATOR!
Eugenius, who was half asleep, 'tis sure,
Knew not the cause. To him all was obscure;
But, being thrown some feet from where he sat,
He knew 'twas not a dream; and ask'd the mate,
Who, just recover'd from a plump on deck,
Now terrifi'd, sang out,—'The brig 's a wreck!
'We 're gone! all 's over! she has struck a rock;
'Haste—call the captain—say, the brig has struck!
'Then call all hands, and quickly sound the pump:
'She cannot weather such another thump!'
The sense of danger so tremendous, near,
Had now inspir'd Eugenius too with fear:
He hasted to obey the mate's commands,
Knock'd up the captain—then rous'd out all hands;
Sounded the pump, which now, for ev'ry minute
Show'd a full inch of water rising in it.
Th' affrighted crew, unable to command
The leak, by efforts of each lab'ring hand;
In hopeless hope beheld the dawning day;
O'er the horizon cast its potent ray;
Which to their half averted view disclos'd,
The fate to which the brig now stood expos'd;

And fully, to their anxious minds explain'd,
The injury Susanna had sustain'd.
They now perceiv'd what caus'd the double shock:
The brig upon a point of rock had struck;
Rebounding then, had broke the point away,
Sev'ring her stem not far from the bob-stay;
Thus, unawares, herself had introduc'd
Where other ne'er had been—whence to be loos'd,
Her master would her price have freely offer'd,
To any who to rescue her had proffer'd.
To stop the leak, was not within their pow'r,
Her freight consisting of beef, pork, and flour.
To man the pumps, was now their only hope,
If possible, awhile to keep her up;
Till Providence, to suff'ring mortals kind,
Should with relief rejoice each anxious mind.
Judge, reader, if they had not cause to fear!
Rocks all around them—not a vessel near:
No exit, save where entrance had been forc'd,
Unless for them the wind had been revers'd.
Yet, altho' not revers'd, it pleas'd that Mind,
Who walks the sea, and rides upon the wind;
His well-known voice to utter—"Peace! be still!"
They trembling heard, and prompt obey'd His will.
While half were lab'ring, half short respite caught,
Of fifteen minutes: Thus they ceaseless wrought
By turns, with little sustenance—no sleep,
Two days and nights upon the briny deep;
Till, on the third, their strength and spirits fail'd:
When lo! their ensign of distress prevail'd
Upon a distant whale-boat, to draw near,
And for their safe deliverance to prepare.
The master along side was quickly seen,
Who, with a gen'rous and intrepid mien,
The deck ascended, took the captain's hand,
And ask'd permission to assume command.

This done—he caus'd the vessel to be tow'd,
Out from the prison, with her precious load;
Thro' the same narrow door at which she enter'd;
Terrific—but where all of hope was center'd.
Thence, in a zigzag course, for many a league,
Thro' reefs *Bermudian*, he convey'd the brig,
Safe to *St. George's Bay*. The crew, now spent,
With toil, the pilot's men assistance lent;
Till from Bermuda, hands could be brought down,
To warp the brig up to the distant town.
In search of these the gen'rous pilot went,
And in an hour, eight Africans were sent:
At sight of whom all hands were overjoy'd;
And soon their brawney muscles were employ'd.
Part plied the pumps, and part, well skill'd in towing,
Synchronous with the foreman's music rowing;
The vessel to the port, triumphant bore,
And lash'd her to the long-expected shore!
Meanwhile Eugenius and his shipmates, all,
Had yielded to sweet sleep's imperious call;
And, in the twink'ling of an eye, forgot,
On *Morpheus'* lap, the rigor of their lot.
The night had now her sable awning clos'd
Around, and weary man to rest dispos'd.
Maxwell, with his sweet partner, left the deck,
Thankful to have escap'd the threaten'd wreck;
And sought a suitable hotel on shore,
Tir'd nature and sunk spirits to restore.

BOOK VIII.

—

Resurgent from his azure-curtain'd bed,
Fring'd with Aurora's richest tints of red;
And spangled o'er with many a twinkling star,
See! giant Sol, to run his course prepare!
The earth, rejoicing, hails his quick'ning ray,
And man, responsive, greets a sabbath day:
Not hallow'd here, as erst in ages gone,
This consecrated day! The glorious sun,
(Could crime obscure his radiance) here might hide
His face in clouds, or 'neath the wavy tide!
Each lustful lord of western India's clime—
Spendthrift alike of wealth, and health, and time;
Reason and conscience exil'd from his breast;
Makes this day sev'nfold viler than the rest.
Yet Afric's sons—the beasts of burden here—
Freed from the lash awhile, prefer their pray'r;
Waft their deep woes, in sighs, unto their God,
And groans, which pierce compassion's blest abode.

Too soon Eugenius saw the day return—
Too soon for him, this else propitious morn!
While neighb'ring ships' crews all were gay and trim
For Sunday, 'twas not Sabbath day to him.
Susanna's crew, still doom'd to toil and sweat,
Reluctant, leave their lethean retreat;
And, to the word obedient, slow prepare
To hoise her bulky contents to the air;
And safe transfer them from the deck, to land,
While gazing hundreds line the busy strand.

This needful labour 'twere in vain to shun,
No skill the leak could stop, till this were done.
The tackle fix'd, one seaman's 'Yo ahe oh!'
Resounds, while pond'rous hogsheads, rising slow
From their deep beds, where full five weeks they 'd lain,
Unmov'd, amid the dashings of the main;
Shew their huge forms, and creaking, roll along
The deck—resistless of the sailor's song.
Barrels and kegs of meal, pork, beef and butter,
Bounce from the hold, and in promiscuous clutter,
Strewing the deck, hop briskly as they go,
While *Harris* cheerily sings—'Yo—heave—oh!'

Ah! poor *Bill Harris!* This ill-fated tar
Soon sings 'another-guess'—The ship of war,
Bellona, now at anchor meets his sight,
A gun-shot distant—clear as black and white!
My patrons recollect, this was the ship,
Whose admiral, *Murray*, Bill had giv'n the slip:
What wonder, then, he should aback be struck,
At such a glaring instance of bad luck?
The sudden tack in Bill, the captain spied,
From aft, and quickly brought him along side;
Enquir'd the cause, and bade him nothing fear,
That ev'n a *Murray* should not touch him there.
Forthwith a hiding-place below was made,
Where, for two weeks, Bill was securely fed;
Here, for the present, we shall leave him moor'd,
And, ere we close, the sequel may record.
Jack Adams next the foreman's station fill'd,
While to his 'yo—heave—oh!' each seaman toil'd.
Reader, if curious thou art, to know,
Who this *Jack Adams* was, ere on we go;
The Bard will briefly tell thee: He was one,
Whom *Pennsylvania* call'd her native son;
Of birth obscure—but of a noble mind,
True was he to his trust, and brave, and kind:

And—strange to tell !—he never tasted grog,
Nor swore, nor mess'd with any jolly dog.
In all things provident, he sav'd his pelf,
Hard earn'd; but think not 'twas for love of self.
No—that a widow'd mother, who was poor,
Might share the comforts of his little store.

Thus steadily, for two whole days, they wrought
Until the leak clear within view was brought;
When measures soon were taken to repair
The brig, and fit her with the utmost care,
For weathering the dangers of the ocean,
Should *Nep* again to vex her take a notion.
Meanwhile, what cargo had been put ashore,
Was well exchang'd for gold; and all, or more,
Had met a ready market, at high rate,
But for instructions, which were fix'd as fate:
By these, *Jamaica* was the destin'd port;
And Maxwell knew he 'd have to answer for 't,
If, varying from his orders, he should dare,
E'en from best motives, seek a mart elsewhere.

Two weeks elaps'd ere Susan was rigg'd up;
Meanwhile *Bill Harris* now and then would pop
His head on deck; and warily look round,
To see if *Murray's* spies were near his ground:
Till, on the eve of getting under weigh,
He swore he 'd have one jolly holiday !
So, with Eugenius, ready at his call,
He steer'd for town, whatever might befal;
And hearing of an inn, well fam'd for sport,
In juggling, sleight of hand, and all such sort;
They bore away for 't, and right merrily,
Plied grog, and so forth, till the close of day.
Grown bold, now Bill two British seamen hail'd,
And, tho' Eugenius warn'd him, naught prevail'd.
A skirmish soon ensu'd, when the shrill call
Of boatswain's pipe, resounded thro' the hall,

Prophetic of poor Bill's impending fate,
If now he fail'd to make good his retreat:
For one was the young *Murray*, in disguise,
Who *Harris* knew, and deem'd him lawful prize.
Eugenius, finding all his efforts vain,
To save his comrade—sought the brig again:
For prudence whisper'd, that he too might share
A birth on board the British ship of war.
But, what was his surprise, and cordial joy,
To hear Bill soon sing out: "The brig, ahoy!"
"Help me aboard! here 's *Murray's* men in chase!
"Quick—let me down into my hiding-place!"
Promptly to aid him did Eugenius fly,
And lodg'd him safe from every stranger's eye.
Scarce was he moor'd, ere his pursuers came,
Hail'd the old brig—enquir'd the captain's name;
And eagerly demanded, if he knew,
That there was one of the *Bellona's* crew
Secreted with him? whom they came to take;
And hop'd he 'd suffer them strict search to make.

With mien polite, and language unreserv'd,
Maxwell on deck receiv'd them. Wine was serv'd;
And free permission granted them, to search
Throughout the brig, for Bill's well cover'd lurch.
But all in vain: Nought had they, for their trouble!
In truth, they saw too much—for they saw double!

Thus much for *Harris* now: perchance his name
Again may grace the Poem; and his fame
With that of our Eugenius, travel down,
Thro' Time's long vista, till *immortal* grown!
And why not—gentle readers? Things as strange
Have come about: Dame Fortune 's fond of change;
From Genius oft withholds the meed of merit,
And gives it to mere numsculls to inherit:

Bavius and Mævius—maugre all their lead—
Thro' Virgil's spleen, are rescu'd from the dead;
So too, some cis-atlantic's Pope's critique,
May grant your Bardie—an immortal kick!

But of this more anon. *Jamaica's* isle
Awaits the brig, and claims the seaman's toil.
Her anchor weigh'd, and flapping canvas spread,
To the fresh breeze; Susanna leaves her bed:
Her issue staunch'd, and heal'd her broken nose,
Once more the furrow'd main advent'rous plows
Some days uninterruptedly she jogs,
Save that her sides old Neptune sometimes flogs;
Indignant at her lazy, snail-like course,
Surpass'd by ev'n *a go-to-meeting horse.*

But dangers worse than shipwreck now appear!
Fleet in pursuit, is spi'd a *privateer*,
With all sails set, and twice twelve sweeps beside,
Full mann'd, advancing o'er the billowy tide:
Till within hailing distance closely brought,
Her bow-gun sent the brig a whizzing shot,
Of awful import full. Maxwell alone
Seem'd cool and dauntless: he with manly tone,
Order'd the sails aback, to meet that fate,
Which seem'd inevitable: But the mate,
In happy moment—as by Heaven mov'd,
Propos'd a desp'rate scheme—but half approv'd;
This was, a warlike attitude to shew,
To put about, and meet the bloody foe!
'We 're gone,' said Maxwell, 'you may use your pleasure,
'I fear not for myself—this—this dear treasure!'
(Clasping his lovely consort to his breast,)
'Were she but safe, I 'd hazard all the rest.'
As one in apathy Eugenius stood,
Of terror void, as sculptur'd stone or wood;
Himself forgotten, Maxwell's tender wife
Most claim'd his fears: To guard her valued life

Was his chief hope. Both were to him endear'd,
By ties of purest friendship—both rever'd;
Yet the suspended balance most inclin'd,
To woman's worth with helplessness combin'd.
But not by human arm, deliv'rance came—
'Twas wrought, thro' simple means, by Pow'r
SUPREME.

Prompt, at the word, the brig her broadside threw,
Menacing what she would—but could not—do:
For, all the instrumeuts of death on board,
Were, two horse-pistols and a rusty sword!
E'en less had done: The panic-stricken foe
Made off as speedily as he could go;
Leaving his prize triumphant to proceed,
And wonder at her own advent'rous deed!
And more at her escape—so like a dream—
Hopeless—yet realiz'd, thro' aid of Him,
Who, by the rustling of a leaf alone,
Hath conq'ring hosts into confusion thrown!

YET did the foe, like old Apollyon
Altho' repuls'd, return and follow on,
At cautious distance, under shade of night,
Directed by the binnacle's faint light;
Which, while it serv'd the brig her course to steer,
Caus'd her small crew renew'd alarm and fear:
For lo! ere the next morning peep of day,
The privateer close on her starboard lay.
Eugenius, at the helm, had first espied
The fell destroyer dodging alongside;
And forthwith gave three knocks upon the deck,
The Captain from his slumber to awake.
Maxwell in haste ascended, somewhat fir'd
At being rous'd; and of the cause enquir'd.
This, by Eugenius, in low voice, was shewn,
For to the rest he 'd not yet made it known.

No TIME was lost: all hands were order'd out,
And Maxwell thunder'd his commands about;
As if preparing a tremendous blow,
That should annihilate the daring foe.
This second stratagem successful prov'd;
Again th' impending danger was remov'd:
And ere 'twas light enough, a face to see,
Fear caus'd the wary plunderer to flee,
No more Susanna's quiet to molest:
Such was of PROVIDENCE the high behest!

OH! there 's a cherub guarding land and deep,
"Whose eyes nor slumber know, nor eyelids, sleep;"
Who hears, with equal ear, the cries of all,
From humble tar, to lofty admiral:
Whose word resistless, legions can controul,
Ev'n by a "sparrow," hurl a "hero's" soul
From its strong fortress, and whose blasting breath,
Doom all his glory to ignoble death!

THUS rescued—for her port, she bore away,
Encount'ring nought her wonted speed to stay;
Save that, while cruizing o'er the Atlantic main,
A British ship of war, the *Sovereign*,
Espied, and with her thunder brought her too,
Enquir'd her destiny—o'erhaul'd her crew,
Then left her safe her voyage to pursue.

JAMAICA's isle now looms upon the sight,
And fills Eugenius' bosom with delight:
More near, more clear, her oval surface now,
Her verdant vale, that skirts the rugged brow;
Where mount o'er mount in steep progression rise,
Till lost the cloud-cap'd forest in the skies.
Along her northern coast Susanna rode,
Where trading towns, like neighb'ring bee-hives, stow'd,

At tempting distance from the dashing Main,
Vie with each other for commercial gain,
In fragrant spices, coffee, and of cane
The luscious extract—all the price of blood,
And tears of man—the image of his God!
Of man, by man enslav'd, whose only crime,
An ebon skin! adapted to his clime,
With equal wisdom and paternal care
Of Heav'n, as his, who boasts a skin more fair.
For these are barter'd, what the teeming soil,
Of surplus yields to freemen's honest toil!

And now the brig, within three leagues of shore
Had run; 'twas at the hour of six, or more,
After meridian, and the orb of day
Was hast'ning down his purpled western way:
The crew, with anxious gaze beheld the strand;
But cautious Maxwell fear'd as yet to land;
Lest hidden rock, or dang'rous shoal unseen,
Might risk Susanna's precious freight again.
Besides, what added somewhat to his fears,
Was, that he had not for some twenty years,
Touch'd at Jamaica, therefore scarcely knew,
Whether the harbour nearest to the view,
Were *Rio Bono* nam'd, or *Martha Brae;*
Nor could he know till next returning day:
For of the two, the latter he preferr'd.
But here Eugenius hazarded a word:
'Suppose the yawl were sent ashore to know?
'There 's time sufficient: I for one will go!
'Who, (cries the captain) ventures next, my boys?
'I, sir!' the hardy Harris prompt replies,
And soon the needful complement of four,
Their service volunteer'd, to row ashore.
Forthwith the pigmy sea boat is rig'd up;
All take of apple jack a hearty sup;
And, swallowing a luncheon, leap aboard,
And dip their feath'ring oars with one accord.

The wave, full fathom high, they skim along,
Encourag'd by the cockswain's cheering song.
Now mounting on the mimic sea, and now
Their nodding caps but just discern'd below.
The yawl, long while swung up, for want of use,
Gallops the trackless sea, like colt let loose;
Rejoicing in her element to lave,
And roll her sides upon the soft, green wave.
At length the dusky ev'ning lowers down,
And threatens darkness ere they reach the town.
Some jutting points of land next intervene,
And from their view the wish'd-for harbour skreen.
Their strength ill husbanded, and ardor fail;
Glad would they barter oars for one tight sail!
But they are in for 't, and full well they know,
That more than wishing yet remains to do—
They breathe—and then their dubious course pursue.
Benighted now, they ply the random oar,
And at each stroke, they sigh to reach the shore.
Th' obstructing points now doubled, there appears
A lonely light which with fresh vigour cheers.
'Yet half an hour, my comrades, bear a hand!
'We 'll soon run up the yawl upon the strand:
'Hurra! hurra!' the vet'ran *Harris* cries,
'Hurra! again,' each one in turn replies,
'Heave, and away she goes'—But soon the shock
Of luckless yawl against a coral rock;
Their hope reverses—paralyzes pow'r,
And mocks the effort of each lab'ring oar!
As on a pivot, wheels the giddy boat,
No fulcrum near to prize her from the spot.
Thus balanc'd, all await the threat'ning doom,
All are enshrouded in terrific gloom—
E'en fearless *Harris* dreads a wat'ry tomb!
But why should narrow-sighted man despair?
When Deity avers, that not one hair,
Unnumber'd decks the helmet of the mind;
Nor leaf unheeded trembles to the wind!

At this dark juncture, helpless and alone,
Help, unexpected, comes, when hope is gone:
For human voices now salute the ear,
Traversing darkness, and dispelling fear:
The source invisible, or so obscure,
'Tis just like twilight moving along shore,
In form and size of Droger. Oft they hail
Th' approaching phantom, and at length prevail.
For now the trading boat, whose cautious crew
Had fear'd to answer, ventur'd to come too;
And timely the desired aid extend—
When soon their terrors and their labours end!
Hunger, and thirst, and weariness, demand,
That instant they secure the boat on land;
And stagger to an open inn, hard by,
Where their imperious wants they may supply.
Arriv'd, they enter, and next overhaul
Their pockets, where the needful cash ran small.
None but Eugenius had a single sous,
And what, with fifty cents, could four men do?
Why, they could drown their cares in lethean rum,
And go on tick for eatables to come.
This was concluded on, and down they sat,
And swigg'd, and talk'd of something good to eat.
But, ere 'twas order'd, they inform'd the host,
Of their true state, and that whatever cost
They might be at, they could not then repay;
But thought the captain would be in, next day.
And, doubtless, would remunerate in full,
For what they so much needed. But with cool,
Unfeeling manner, and contemptuous tone,
He bade them pay the reck'ning, and be gone;
Or lie on the piazza, if they chose,
But not within his house to shew their nose.
'Damn your piazza and yourself!' said Bill,
Who by this time had had of rum his fill,
'Eugenius! pay the churl, and let 's be off—
'I 'll mark you, honest landsman—that 's enough!'

Eugenius, disappointed, paid the score,
And with his comrades, spurn'd th' inhospitable door.
With sleep beset, they to the yawl repair'd,
Capsiz'd her, and by props one side uprear'd;
Thus meanly shelter'd from the noxious air,
They revell'd, till daylight, on—Sancho's fare.

BOOK IX.

—

Oft had the anxious *Maxwell*, restless, stepp'd
Susanna's deck—and constant vigil kept;
Till ev'ry beam of day had sunk and gone;
And long, and oft, the brig lay off and on,
With light at yard-arm; till exhausted hope,
Succumbing, in despair he gave them up:
But, ere the day had scor'd the hour of ten,
His straining eyes beheld the vent'rous men,
Striving, with remnant strength, the waves among,
To urge the lilliputian boat along.
Instant he bore toward the precious speck,
And hail'd the weary mariners on deck!
To num'rous questions Bill made one reply:
'My noble captain, ask us by and bye;
'But let 's have something for our stomachs now,
'An't please your honor—any thing—a cow—
'With apple jack for gravy, if you please;
'And then we 'll sing, 'the dangers of the seas:'
'Not that I 'd give a saucy answer—oh no!
'But we 've all had enough of *Rio Bono*.'
"Tir'd nature's sweet restorers," beef and bread,
And "gusty" rum, and welcome hammock bed,
Had now made full amends for recent waste;
When Bill amus'd the captain, to some taste,
With all the haps and hazards that befel:
All which, the Bard hath just essay'd to tell.
Eugenius pond'ring sat, till all was o'er,
Resolv'd, such folly to repeat no more!

The brig, meanwhile, progressing on her way,
Had safely made the port of *Martha Brae*.
But no encouragement her bulk to break;
Here off'ring, Maxwell had his mart to seek,

Where late Eugenius, Bill and Co. had far'd
So hospitably, as just now we 've heard.
Here, at convenient hour arriv'd, and moor'd,
Enquiring planters soon appear'd on board;
Of these, the over-prudent host was one,
Who by Eugenius and his friends was known.
And not a little was the man surpriz'd,
To find himself so quickly recogniz'd;
And not a little were his feelings bruis'd,
When to Eugenius he was introduc'd:
Who fail'd not to commend him in a jest,
For his humanity to tars distress'd.
Bill, from the forecastle, espied 'the lark,'
And itch'd to plant between his eyes, a mark;
But soon th' unmanly sentiment he curb'd,
And *Stevenson* departed, undisturb'd:
Yet not ere full apology he made,
And mark'd respect unto Eugenius paid;
By formal invitation to a ball,
Next ev'ning, at his richly furnish'd hall.
This was accepted—Numine magistri—
And claims some little room i' the history:
Check shirt and canvas trowsers now were seen,
To yield to long tacks, brush'd up nice and clean.
His coat of blue, with gilded buttons shone;
White kerseymere his vest, as soft as down;
Tight pantaloons, silk hose and pumps, adorn'd
His agile limbs, in neat proportion turn'd:
His face and hands, by slush and soap made fair;
And nicely queu'd and powder'd was his hair.
A beaver his tarpaulin hat supplanted,
And Maxwell's purse supply'd the cash he wanted.
Thus rigg'd, and with full freight of self-conceit,
He sallied forth, to try the skill of feet;
And charm the nymph—most favour'd of them all!
Whose partner he should be, at the said ball.

Essay we now, imprimis, to pourtray,
In lines of beauty, (as we artists say,)
The splendor of the scene that met his view;
And of the dramatis personæ too:
A spacious room, about six fathoms square,
With windows well dispos'd for current air,
Lofty, and furnish'd—ev'n to fulsome waste—
With dainties suited to West Indian taste;
Was the elysium whither now he hied,
Brave Maxwell, and his lady, side by side.
Some twenty planters with their twenty dames,
(The Poet would—but can't recal their names,)
Array'd in all the elegance and show,
That haughty lordlings wring from human woe:
Were usher'd in, and in due time made known,
To the three strangers, almost one by one.
What bowing, scraping, curt'sying, was there!
What screw'd-up features—attitudes most rare!
The ceremony o'er, each honour'd guest,
On chair or sofa sought some moments' rest;
While wine, and punch, and gin, came on apace,
By Ethiopian's borne, in native grace,
Like beauty, unadorn'd; where ev'ry part,
Shone, undisguis'd by sempstress' subtle art:
Save that each Venus, round her ebon waist,
Wore skirted girdle, in Circassian taste!

Now tamborins and banjoes silence break,
And loud the spirit-stirring fiddles squeak!
Forth from their seats, the music-quicken'd host,
Elated spring—and in the dance are toss'd!
A sprightly dame, Eugenius leads along,
Than whom less fair might claim the deathless song
Of Pindar Wolcott, or of Pander Moore,
Who could begrime a saint, or deify a w—e.

Cotillions, country dances, jigs and reels,
Successive, call'd forth some new sleight of heels;

Till wearied nature, satiate and sore,
Th' orchestra silenc'd, and resign'd the floor.
Some gallantries, of course, at length ensu'd,
Which our fastidious *Yankees* might deem rude;
And which our hero, when by years matur'd,
Chose rather to suppress, than to record.

Thus pass'd the night of toilsome joy away;
And not less toilsome was the coming day:
For, after his short nap, it so turn'd out,
That the gay landsman had to put about;
Resume tarpaulin, and his shipmates aid,
Susanna's freight to land, and to re-lade.
Less soft, forsooth, than his late partner's hand
Were butter kegs and barrels; whilst to land,
Waist deep, he roll'd them: and to his nice ear,
Less musical, the voice of wharfinger,
Of merchant, or of mate; than violin,
Or banjoe sweet, or tinkling tamborin!
T' obey the orders of the mate on board,
Or beck, ashore, of many a petty lord;
Was now his duty: and tho' 'gainst the grain,
'Twere folly, or to flinch, or to complain.

Alternate, thus, his sports and labours lasted.
Some weeks; and frequently th' extremes he tasted,
Of *hauteur* and *politeness*, in excess,
Strictly proportion'd to his varied *dress*.

Pope, when he wrote this line, must have been mellow:
"*Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow*"—
Or, folks of old lack'd sense, if we may guess
By that fam'd Poet's Essay: since 'tis dress;
Nem. con. that now doth constitute the man:
Let *Pennsylvania* gainsay, if she can!

True—in the infancy of this proud state,
When saucy rebels rail'd with causeless hate,
Against 'great George the king;' and madly thought,
Equality of rights but cheaply bought
With blood,—and that the only LORD of all
Ne'er ordain'd man his fellow to enthrall;
Some would-be wise ones were of *Pope's* conceit,
And trampled dress and sceptres under feet!
Such was old BEN the *printer*, and a few,
Who, like himself, had nothing else to do:
But, as great HORACE said (my brother chanter!)
Those days are over—'Tempora mutantur.'—
Worth, now retiring, yields to nobler wealth,
And seats of honour are obtain'd—by stealth!

HAIL! patent, labour-saving, men-machines!
Whose gilded genius scorns all simple means,
By plodding honesty, and merit stale,
Of old employ'd—Ye self-created—hail!
Who, skipper like, can vault into the air,
From putrid source—e'en to the envied chair
Of government; or war's wild vent'rous car!

THE lonely footman needs must sometimes whistle,
Or step aside to pluck—if but a thistle;
Thus, care beguiling, he his wearying load
Forgets awhile, then fresh resumes the road:
And thus do WE, and take Eugenius up,
Where we just left him—sipping of the cup
Of *bitter-sweet*—the medicated potion;
Which mankind, ev'ry where, on land and ocean,
Loath and desire by turns; yet cannot want:
Indigenous to ev'ry soil, the plant;
Which, to decoction or expression, yields
Its tonic virtues. Ev'n in sterile fields,
The poor may gather, for domestic use,
A *quantum sufficit*—without abuse.

Now—simile aside—we briefly say,
The hour arriv'd, for home to bear away:
Sweet home! The storm-worn sailor's polar star!
The patriot soldier's requiem, when war
His breath exhausted, lays the clarion by,
And turns from human carnage with a sigh!
For now, secure within Susanna's hull
West India's luscious produce, to the full
Was stow'd; and sweethearts duly kiss'd; and paid
All landlord's scores; and pond'rous anchor weigh'd;
Propitious breezes wafted her along,
Her white wings flapping to the spriteful song,
Of *Harris*, who well skill'd in Dibdin's lore,
Oft Erin's wild, sweet, melody would pour,
Through 'words as fitly spoken' as e'er Bard
Compos'd, or patriot Briton ever heard!
Few were the incidents requiring note,
Till Providence convoy'd her to the spot,
Whence boreas blew her, some five months before.
And all, with bounding bosoms, hail'd the shore!

Expectant here, their friends were ready rang'd,
And now the warm embrace was interchang'd;
And odd salute, and cordial shake, went round;
Whilst with the can of flip their joys were crown'd.
Maxwell's belov'd, now hasted to impart
New life unto her aged mother's heart;
Which oft with palpitating fears had beat:
For of no common love was her's the seat.
Eugenius, by permission, rigg'd him up,
And, pledging *Harris* in another sup
Of lively flip; betook him to the spot,
(Which, it is hop'd, the reader han't forgot)
Where prudent aunty, and her smiling niece,
Were still presiding o'er th' abode of peace.

Here, 'twould have tickled some to see the fuss,
Eugenius made; for, sailor like, a buss,
He needs must have from both: and sore the trial!
But aunty, finding he 'd have no denial;
E'en suffer'd patiently, in innocence:
Then mildly reprehended the offence.
Not so did cousin—she with smirking air,
A corner occupied, and rais'd a chair
Defensive; but soon yielding to the foe,
Impress'd a kiss—while mumbling, 'let me go!'
But diff'rent the effect on each, he reads,
As wonted calm unto this storm succeeds:
Aunty—scarce willing to believe the fact;
Cousin—not loath, another to have smack'd,
Sooner than let him off to sea again.
But, Bardie! why tell tales? Thy pen refrain;
Lest some indignant maiden pull thy hair,
Or—what were quite as bad—thy POEM tear:
Thy unique Poem! which hath cost such pains,
And rack'd, so oft, thy scantiness of brains:
That—once this Herculean labour o'er—
Thou scarce will venture on a *Poem* more!

To all the num'rous queries now propos'd,
Eugenius to them, in detail, disclos'd,
Whatever most convenient he deem'd;
Or what to him most entertaining seem'd:
Till the late hour arriv'd, when downy bed
Invited to repose, his weary head.
Not half so sweet as on matrass, his rest;
From habit he had learn'd to love it best:
Some sleep, at broken intervals, he 'd catch,
And, as at sea, bounce out, at ev'ry watch;
But finding his mistake, return again:
Thus did the habit, for some nights, remain.
When settlement, at length, was duly made
With *Maxwell;* and the balance to him paid;
(For he had overdrawn his wages, some!)
Eugenius visited his native home,

Enjoy'd the scenes of LANCASTER once more;
Tracing his well known haunts of pleasure o'er.
His list'ning friends, with wonder heard the tale
Of his adventures—How he 'd seen a whale!
And all about the shipwreck; and much more,
Than some had ever heard or seen before:
Yea, more than some believ'd; for when he came
To tell about the *Privateer*—'For shame!'
Said one—'Eugenius! that 's a lie!
'I can't, nor won't believe it.' 'No, nor I,'
Repeated two or three—'Believe, or no:
'I tell you,' said Eugenius, 'twas e'en so.
'Had I the log-book here, I 'd prove it too.'

Now, gentle reader! think not that the youth
Turn'd fool, because they doubted of its truth:
Since, to himself miraculous it seem'd;
As to the captive Israelite, redeem'd.

BOOK X.

To OTHER theme, the muse her vot'ry bends.
He bows obsequious, as her aid she lends;
Re-dips his pen, re-"rolls his frenzied eye,"
Gazes at nothings flitting thro' the sky;
'Till fancy, all creative, give the form
And feature to imagination warm,
Or faithful mem'ry, by electric spark
Reviv'd, bid facts, long moulding in the dark,
Come forth successive, and in order stand,
While cull'd and coupled by his skilful hand.
Eugenius now the fair HYGEIA lures
To wonted toils; but long the youth demurs;
For *ocean's* bosom heaving with the storm,
And seaman's hardship, pleasure, and alarm,
His youthful heart had willing captive made,
And cast all terrene objects far in shade.
But friends entreated, and he lent an ear,
Cast off the sailor, not without a tear;
Resum'd the student's unattractive gown,
And with his last preceptor sat him down.
Here, o'er his books, in dull, reluctant mood,
He forc'd upon his mind the tasteless food,
By *Haller*, *Cullen* and *Monro* prepar'd,
Those sons of science, by the wise rever'd;
Who better knew than did Eugenius, *then*,
The sterling value of those first of men:
Or whiles, but seldom, would the youth appear
At lectures, *Wistar*, *Kuhn*, or *Rush*, to hear,
But nought his heart engag'd with more delight,
Than did the orgies of the sons of night.
BARTON, his wand'rings view'd with jealous eye,
Oft urg'd him with fresh ardour to apply

His vacillating energies, and strove
To wean him from each dissipating love.
But vain his care: the self-deluded youth,
Regardless of each monitory truth,
Thus taught, or from experience learn'd before,
Gave the loose rein to appetite impure.
Yet did his vanity indulge the hope,
That the professors all, would take him up
For honours diplomatic, when the spring,
Now hast'ning on, the candidates should bring:
Of this the *Dean* he notified, who star'd,
Well knowing what would be the just award:
For, in those days, nor private pique, nor fee,
Avail'd to hinder, or procure, *Degree*.
Than vanity, one other motive, too,
Potent alike, impell'd him thus to do;
For funds, diminish'd, and the source near dry,
Refus'd his wants factitious to supply:
In unexpected hour, Eugenius' name
Was by the Dean announc'd, whose message came,
Like summons by a bailiff, much too soon,
Requiring him, at four that afternoon,
To meet the *Faculty*, in dread array
Assembled to decide his destiny.
Improvident Eugenius! had he known,
Two days before, how matters would have gone,
He, surely, the precaution would have taken,
To stand somewhat prepar'd—and sav'd his bacon,
At least from so much sweating, smoking, roasting,
As left the wight no ground at all for boasting:
For (unless fame be given up to lying)
The simpleton with *Wescott* had been vying,
During two revolutions of the earth,
Without remission, in lascivious mirth.
In brief, the Bard, as bound in truth, must say
Eugenius came off, second best, that day,

Yet with kind counsel of the Dean sincere,
To bend his mind to study, one more year.
This counsel of the friendly Dean, he knew,
Was such as well applied—and felt it too—
But the dire goddess, hight, Necessity,
Who in her visits was by far too free;
Gave him a jog, and urg'd him to reject
Th' advice of *Woodhouse*, but with due respect;
And seek a distant village, as the field,
Where labours medical, support might yield.
Soon as affairs were righted, he withdrew
West of the city, *Middletown* to view;
If haply, there, he might put up his plate,
And as M. D. without *diploma*, wait
Mis-fortune's *mother's* call, who thrice, 'tis said,
Knocks at man's door, whatever be his grade.
A vacant office, near the centre square,
Was treated for, and soon he anchor'd there.
Anchor'd! Well said! This leads the Bard away,
For a few moments, just in time, to say,
That had Eugenius ventur'd out again,
With *Maxwell*, to be toss'd by wind and main,
Or to more ruthless *picaroon* expos'd,
This non-pareil performance might have clos'd,
Void of that incident, which he foresees,
Must, ultimately, all his patrons please!
Hem!—"Vanity of vanities!"—with face
Of hypocritic sanctity and grace,
Exclaims some "*one of us*," whose prudish mind,
Within the boundaries of *self* confin'd;
Or placing *Elwood* as the *pink* of merit;
Shuns this, with true "vex-a-ti-on of spirit."
But, let the Bard his *moral* not forget,
While squirting thus his verjuice in a pet:
He meant t' impress those readers who have sense,
With one more proof of *benign* Providence.
Here, for six months, successfully he sped,
When a designing quack, to *weaving* bred,

Jealous of rivalship so near his stand,
(Some eight miles off) Eugenius' ruin plann'd.
Pretending to retire from the toils
Of practice, with sufficiency of spoils;
His friendly aid he to Eugenius offer'd,
And introduction to his patrons proffer'd.
The unsuspecting youth, by guile o'ercome,
Consented to vacate his little room.
At Middletown, and seek the inviting village,
Where *Textor Celsus*, had grown rich by pillage:
The quack, meanwhile, on friendship pure descanted,
And soon gave proof, for he the dupe supplanted.
But ere to *Middletown* we bid adieu,
The Bard presents his patrons with the clew
Of finest texture, in the *plaided* life
Of young Eugenius: for his future *wife*,
By PROVIDENCE allotted, there he saw,
And lov'd—obedient to celestial law.
'Twas not the beauty of her form or face,
Tho', as to these, few did the maid surpass;
Nor was it splendid talents, or attire
Which prompted thus Eugenius to admire;
In simple innocence, the lovely maid,
Was with its correspondent neatness clad,
Unconscious of her charms, just blooming forth
In virgin sweetness, claiming all their worth
From innate purity of thought and will,
Heav'n-born, and defecate of ev'ry guile.
In infant years an orphan's hapless lot
Was hers: But one who oft the cottage sought,
Of widowhood and lone adversity,
With heart and hand of pure benignity;
Found the "shorn lamb," and in his bosom bore,
Nurtur'd, and taught in Heav'nly wisdom's lore.
Of learning she partook but scanty share,
Yet deem'd sufficient for her future sphere
Of usefulness, but as the housewife neat
She shone unmatch'd—in all things here, complete.

Num'rous the suitors of the damsel were,
But none, as he, approv'd. With jealous care
Her guardian kinsman plac'd his hedge around:
All thought her habitation holy ground.
Eugenius might have chosen, it would seem,
Some loftier object of a lover's dream;
And so, mayhap, he would, if to the voice
Of *pride* he 'd listen'd, ere he made his choice;
But PROVIDENCE, whose fav'ring hand unseen
Had oft dispos'd his fate, by land and main,
Design'd her for him, and had told him so—
And soon Eugenius *thought*, and *felt* it, true;
Yet did the youth's convivial habits prove,
At length, some barrier to his schemes of love:
For oft would tidings reach her patron's ear,
Which chang'd his confidence to boding fear;
And rival jealousies would oft contrive,
False col'ring to each busy tale to give:
Ev'n hints were current that designs impure
Had been by him avow'd, and that his lure
Was deeply laid, his victim to decoy
From virtue, and to blast each budding joy!
Rous'd to distrust, and e'en antipathy,
Her foster father warn'd the youth away;
Remov'd his *jewel* to a distance thence,
And turn'd their halcyon bliss, to sorrowing suspense.

No tie remain'd unsev'red now, and soon
Eugenius, unreluctant, left his room
At *gloomy Middletown*, and eastward came,
To mend his fortune, where the man of fame,
Notic'd above, by title of full meaning,
Had harvested, and left for him a gleaning.

HAIL! village of ELIZABETH, all hail!
Thy hills, thy huts, thy barns and inns, prevail,
With potent charm, o'er the enraptur'd Bard,
To sound thy name abroad—else never heard—

Now, with EUGENIUS, shall thy fame descend
Secure, thro' time—e'en to the world's last end!
Yea, dipping thence—if *Symmes* be in the right,
Astound each quizzing central *troglodyte;*
Glide thro' the *tunnel* op'ning to the *verge*,
And with *new* LAURELS to thy source emerge!

HERE, midst *Germania's* plodding sons and daughters,
He sold advice, and medicated waters,
And pills, and powders; mended legs and arms,
And heal'd, or tried to heal, most other harms:
E'en took *Lucina's* post, and many a wight,
With true *teutonic* phiz, he brought to light.
All this was well enough, and well requited,
So far as thanks went—but when he recited,
In black and white, the nature of his trade,
And that his bounty must needs be repaid,
In "money current with the merchant," then,
Dear! what a pother made these honest men,
And honest women too, for such were there,
And to their int'rest true, unto a hair.
In short Eugenius found great lack of pelf,—
He wrought some months for nought, and found himself.
Nor would he at this rate have serv'd so long,
But for one cause, which now, in deathless song,
Commemoration claims—'Twas said above,
That the dear object of Eugenius' love,
Had from his presence, thro' distrust, been hurried:
But happily, she was not dead, nor buried.
Now, be it known, that when a month or two,
They separate had been; a fam'd *review*,
Of *soldiery* there was at *Hummelstown*,
(For *Euphony* the Bard notes this *town down*,)
Whither Eugenius, with a chosen band
Of infantry repair'd, and at command,

In station of a *fugleman* was plac'd,
Where well his part he play'd, from first to last.
So, after the fatigue and dust of war,
He with a friend did to an inn repair,
And soak'd, with wine, their whistles to some tune,
Till *Mars* by potent *Cupid* was outdone.
Each did his *sweetheart* toast, in bumper flowing,
And each with love's extatic flame now glowing,
Pledg'd to the other his most sacred word,
(Tho' none stood by, the contract to record)
That whensoe'er the blissful time should come,
When *either*, for a *bride* should leave his home,
The *other*,—be the notice but *one* day,
Or distance *e'er so great*—without delay,
Would, as the *groomsman*, bear him company.
This compact, solemn and sincere, now clos'd,
The parties paid their bill, march'd home, and doz'd:
But all remembrance of it, clean escap'd
From noddle of Eugenius, while he napp'd;
And possibly had ne'er come back again,
But for a few effusions from the pen
Of his said friend, who bore it well in mind,
And begg'd that he forthwith might cast behind
All other cares and bus'ness, and attend,
Some *eighty miles* off, as his right-hand friend.
Eugenius was at first a'heap with wonder,
As one in winter, from a clap of thunder;
But recollection hurried back apace,
And for excuse, left him no skulking place:
So, as next day was fix'd upon to start,
He strove to take the thing in merry part;
And, though quite unprepar'd, he mounted horse,
And 'gainst *north-west* and *will*, pursu'd his course,
As trusty squire unto his ardent knight.
'Twas in the depth of winter, when their flight
They took, and keener winter never blew;
But each to his engagement firm and true,

Full in the teeth of blust'ring boreas rode;
'Till, on the second night, the warm abode
Of the fair *Dulcinea* met their view,
And soon receiv'd them to its comforts too.
Nor were the comforts to Eugenius small,
E'en *one* suffic'd to make amends for all:
For now, to his blest vision, stood confess'd
His little JEWEL, who, it seems, was press'd,
As *bride's maid* for the hymeneal season;
This gives our patrons, for *his* joy the reason.
One busy DAY was yet to intervene,
Ere magistrate should bind in *one*, the *twain*,
And ev'ry moment did each well employ,
In preparation for the hour of joy;
Which hour arriv'd, and saw the blissful pair
Wedded for life. So we 'll e'en leave *them* there,
And to *Eugenius* direct our view,
Become at once a marriage madbrain too!
And now, altho' not quite in wedding trim,
(As to his *vestments*) pleas'd him with a whim,
That edge-wise he suggested, when alone
With MARGARETA, viz: to eke the fun
Some little, e'en to compass hymen's altar,
A second time, with the first couple's halter.
This proposition, unexpected quite,
Caus'd the young innocent a sleepless night,
And what increas'd her restlessness the more,
Was, that Eugenius had fix'd the hour.
Of ten, next morning, for her yea or nay;
Determin'd, if refus'd, to haste away,
And ne'er again the proposition stake!
So, but short time had she the choice to make.
Short though it was, the reader well may guess,
That the hour brought the gladsome answer—Yes;
Then ere of next revolving day the close,
That bond united both, which death alone could loose.

BOOK XI.

—

These recent, hasty movements, in the lump,
Deserve no better name, than, hop, step, jump:
Nor thought, nor means, in short, scarce any thing
But love and courage, did Eugenius bring,
To proffer as his fair one's marriage portion;
These twain were, under Providence, his fortune.
One blissful week fulfill'd, he left his bride,
Sped back, a little cottage to *provide*,
And furnish, in a style to suit his purse,
Which, to say truth, did not command the horse
He call'd his own; for he was not yet paid for;
However—he was next to bought—agreed for:
And, in like manner, trusting for the *how*,
He purchas'd and brought home, a little cow,
First having well prepar'd a little stable,
For making horse and cow quite comfortable.
Thus, tho' his little wife then wore no silk,
He hop'd there would not lack good bread and milk.
All these in order set, his wishful mind
To her now turns, whom he had left behind;
Without whose presence his abode to grace,
Neat as it was, 'twere but an empty space.
But ah! his ardent wish was now controul'd,
For *Susquehannah*'s torrents, strong and bold,
By rains long pour'd from the surcharged sky,
Had spread a barrier more than high-bank high;
Whelming, in gulphs impassable, the road,
Thro' which he needs must pass to her abode.
Sev'n tedious, lonely weeks, a widower's lot
Was his, ere privileg'd to reach the spot
Where his young bride sat, draining out the cup—
Heart-sickening—of long deferred hope.

But anxious doubts, at length, were all dispell'd,
And each fond bosom with new rapture swell'd.
No long delay succeeds, for soon the raft,
(A clumsy, broad, unseemly kind of craft,
Compos'd of floating logs, lash'd side by side,
On which some rough board platforms, long and wide,
Were pinn'd secure, while a huge pond'rous oar,
Grac'd stem and stern, each thirty feet or more)
The advent'rous pair was ready to receive,
With what small knick-knacks their good friends should give,
And bear adown the rapid, dang'rous current
Of the majestic river, without warrant,
Or e'en much hope, of landing safe and sound,
To tenant their awaiting holy ground.
Yet, down came raft, like porpoise, tumbling o'er
Waves, drift-wood, rocks, and whirlpools near the shore,
Till, coax'd by oarsmen's artifice, she popp'd
'Gainst a soft shelving headland, and was stopp'd,
Just where 'twas most convenient to debark,
And the tir'd voyagers forsook their ark;
And, bag and baggage with themselves well stow'd,
In rustic vehicle, they trac'd the road
Which to their long-expectant cottage leads,
Where balmy rest, anxiety succeeds.
Multum in parvo each now finds to do,
And each prepares the duty to pursue
Which Providence allots: But tho' nor care
Nor industry were wanting, yet the fare
Daily procur'd, was but a pittance scant
Of food and raiment, just next door to want.
Thus, having fully tested skill and pay,
'Mongst thankless sharpers, he but stretch'd his stay,
Till, debts and credits balanc'd, he might find
Elsewhere, what suited more his wants and mind.

And such, when eighteen months had gone their round,
He, in the village of *Columbia* found,
There, 'midst his FRIENDS, his prospects 'gan to brighten;
And, day by day, his load of debt, to lighten:
For, be it known, that pleasure had drawn dry
His patrimonial fund, ere wedlock's tie,
And heap'd a thousand dollars on his back,
O'er and above his means. From this sad wreck
He now, with some few intermissions, strove
Industriously to rise: But latent love
Of scenes convivial, would at times obtrude,
And lure from scenes of duty, and its good;
Till the soft, warning voice of friend, or wife
Would win him back to solid joys of life.
At times, by strong potations overcome,
He 'd stagger from the gaming table home;
Or, drown'd in lethean stupor, was convey'd,
Unconscious, to his long-forsaken bed.
Then, justice, honour, or some higher cause—
TEACHER DIVINE! 'twas Thou, whose saving laws,
Alas! too oft were by Eugenius spurn'd,
Would plead prevailing; and the wand'rer turn'd.
Alternate, thus, for four long years, he led
His vacillating dance, and oft his head
And heart ach'd, sore; but nought, with permanence,
Arrested his career, till PROVIDENCE
Smote a lov'd child with sickness unto death,
And seal'd conviction with *his* parting breath.
Awe-struck he stood—then cry'd—"Thy Will be done"—
"To save the father, hast Thou snatch'd the son."
And, what but dispensation harsh, as this,
Harsh only in appearance, could suffice
The wild voluptuary to restrain?
Ne'er, needlessly, the God of Love gives pain.

Eugenius, with some libertines, that night
On which his darling babe expir'd, in spite
Of conscience, had his character disgrac'd
By deeds, whose mem'ry ne'er could be effac'd.
Would that the Bard might blot them with a tear!
But truth demands a record of them here;
Tho' Heav'n's recording angel may have thrown
His mantle o'er them, as if never known.
—A handful of the excellent of earth,
Not such as worldlings deem of noble birth,
But heav'n-born souls, by self-negation taught
To warn the sinner of the sinner's lot,
Had, at an hospitable house, conven'd,
In hope from rabble insult to be screen'd,
While off'ring vesper sacrifice of pray'r,
And praise; or gathering with a shepherd's care
Such as were straying from the fold of rest,
Or, if need were, compelling to be blest.
Scarce had their pious service been commenc'd
When Satan, ever at the good incens'd,
Hiss'd our Eugenius, and some others, on,
And, "Methodist," was warrant for their fun.
Dark was the night, the rain in torrents fell,
When each, well prim'd, and hors'd, and full as well
By evil instigated, hurried through
Darkness, and mud, and qualms of conscience too;
'Till to the consecrated ground arriv'd,
There, promptly, schemes of mischief they contriv'd,
And executed too, with all the skill
Of those whom *Sooty* driveth at his will.
Some sought the still-house, some the oven sought,
And to their comrades spoil from either brought.
Eugenius, while the zealous preacher roar'd,
And a poor Magdalen was near him floor'd,
Mounting on sturdy peasant's shoulders, bawl'd
For "mercy" on her, or for "fair play" call'd;

Or while the multitude in throngs press'd in,
To see and hear their quondam mate in sin;
He 'd snuff out lights, and please him with the sport,
Of blind-buff, as they fell pell mell—in short—
Of massy milk-pots he upset a score,
Then splash'd amid their contents on the floor:
While Satan quoting *Scripture*, cry'd "how funny!
"See here," "*the land that flows with milk and honey.*"
Yet this quotation from the Sacred Word,
Tho' by an evil spirit, like a sword,
Pierc'd to the slumb'ring conscience, and a voice
Now heard—distinctly 'mid surrounding noise—
'Twas from an aged matron—and in terms
Of truth, which brought their consequent alarms—
"*No Christian, surely, could have done this deed!*
"*Oh! may he ne'er these wasted blessings need!*"
Eugenius, while the matron he admir'd,
Ponder'd, and blush'd, and tremblingly retir'd;
His comrades sought, and soon prevail'd upon,
To cease their folly, and with him begone.
Now hors'd anew, these advocates for sin,
The darkness round resembling that within,
Reckless of danger, at full speed, defi'd
Trees, gullies, hills, or logs, or aught beside.
Oft in the race, Eugenius had his knees
Abraded by the close besetting trees;
At length, his stumbling palfrey brought him too,
That is, the rider o'er his head he threw.
But, tho' the fall was harmless, he was left
Alone, and of all human aid bereft,
And fear'd, that e'en his faithful steed had fled:
But, groping in the dark, he felt a head
More sound and solid far, than was his own,
'Twas that of his staunch friend, who, like a stone,

Unmov'd had stood to witness the disaster,
And. patient. wait the rising of his master,
Who. gath'ring himself up, to mount essay'd,
And did so, after some few efforts made;
Owning in secret, that it serv'd him right,
And that he 'd ne'er transgress, as on that night.
Nor did he. for as has before been said,
His fav'rite child was number'd with the dead
Ere the next memorable, gloomy morn
Eclips'd the splendour of young Cynthia's horn.
He now became reflection's docile son,
Now reformation was in truth begun:
Tho' of the glorious Pow'r Divine, who wrought
In secret, he as yet but little thought,
And much less knew. His bottle first was cast
Into full dereliction; thus the waste
Of time and substance, at one stroke was sav'd,
Which this had oft occasion'd. Having brav'd
This foe, almost invincible, he next
A minor foe assail'd, who with pretext
Of innocent indulgence, oft had led
Him captive. from his duties, board and bed,
In patriotism's garb; at ball and muster
Eugenius was wont to strut and bluster,
And rarely left the ground till dance or song
Had lengthen'd out the night, if ere so long.
This pseudo-patriotic enemy,
Without much trouble, he soon caus'd to flee:
Then follow'd *steady habits* at his heels,
The worth of which none knows, save him who feels.
Things brighten'd on, as time his flight advanc'd,
And his kind friends his character enhanc'd,
By magistrate's commission, from the seal
Of great M'Kean, then mover of the wheel
Of government; (than whom as *judge supreme*,
Learn'd in the laws, and just e'en to extreme,

Not *Blackstone*, *Mansfield*, *Hale* nor *Coke* was greater:
Nor could the state require or find a better.)
In time, by industry, a house he rear'd,
And dwelt respected there, if not rever'd.
Yet was there, to his comfort, one alloy;
The Bard reminds his patrons, that the *boy*,
Had, years agone, *without diploma* won,
His duties as practitioner, begun;
Now, tho' respectable he was without it,
Yet, on reflecting seriously about it,—
So near a-kin to that vile thing—a *Quack*
He chose not to remain; but turn'd his back
On present prospects of emolument,
Against all prudent counsellors' consent;
And to the University repair'd,
With firm resolve, to bring thence a reward,
In *parchment*, sign'd, and seal'd by the *same* men,—
Worthy of trust—who had refus'd him then.
Great was the sacrifice Eugenius made,
Dear was the price for reputation paid,
By five long months of absence from his home,
And by expenditures, which years to come,
In gloomy prospect to his anxious mind,
Might not redeem, should fortune e'en prove kind
To crown his present effort with success,
And, at Commencement, with diploma bless.
Yet undismay'd, he the ordeal pass'd,
And, grateful, bore away the *prize* at last.
But ah! the current of Eugenius' life
Few gentle ripplings shew'd. New scenes of strife
With hidden rocks and adverse winds, await
His much desir'd return—hurried—but now too late.
A rival, one whose skill, though not profound,
Prevail'd to fix him on the vantage ground,

Had (and by methods too, more sly than ere
Eugenius practis'd, or had been aware,)
Reduc'd the standard of his hope, as low
As hope, without a change of name, could go.—
Short time did he enjoy his own dear dwelling;
Fearful of debt, he soon resolv'd on selling
At public auction, what had cost the labour
Of years. 'Twas knock'd off to a wealthy neighbour.
For some six hundreds less than it had cost;
And the rich purchaser, who made his boast
Of a good spec upon his *kinsman* poor,
Refus'd to grant him *a spare pannel'd door*,
Without a *quid pro quo;* such avarice
Eugenius could not gratify, as this.
In short—a tenement, some ten feet high,
Just then for sale, and located near by,
He purchas'd with his small remains of pelf,
And pleas'd friends most as most he help'd himself.
For many, now, whose *words* were sweet as honey,
Fled, when he ask'd of them—*a loan of money.*
But *one* whose *visage* too forbidding seem'd
For judging *him* humane, yet whose *breast* teem'd
With "milk of human kindness," lent him all
He ask'd for, and ne'er pester'd him with call
For reimbursement, till his debtor poor
Inform'd him, he was ready to restore
His timely bounty—This, until much press'd,
He took not back—but *dropp'd* the *interest.*
Christian! whate'er be thy *sectarian* name,
Out do this, if thou canst: if not, go do the same.
Prove thus thy *Faith* by *works of Charity,*
And when a fellow man is seen by thee,
Deeper descending as he struggles more,
Lend him thy hand—release him—but be sure
To do it as a Man; nor ask a *fee,*
For what a *Newfoundland* would do for thee,
And feel repaid, to see thee, rescued, stand,—
Doubly repaid, to lick thy grateful hand.

BOOK XII.

—

"*Plow up—plow up—thy heart's long fallow'd ground!*"
Were words, which now, with clear and awful sound,
Eugenius heard,—and Providence took care
To furnish with a *keen, o'erturning share.*
Adversity already had begun
To loose the stubborn soil; and now the "Sun
Of Righteousness," with heat and light divine,
Shone in, with pow'r *destructive*, tho' *benign.*
And hidden sins of nature, or of deed,
Or long matur'd, or potent in the seed,
Successive, were beheld, and felt, and mourn'd,
And cast into the oven to be burn'd.
Yet not without an instrument of clay,
Was "Bartimæus" brought to see the day:
A venerable sage, who bore the mark,
In dress and countenance, of patriarch,
Or some war-worn apostle of the Lamb,
To where Eugenius dwelt on errand came,
Of love celestial, and his flag of peace
Was meekly wav'd beneath a copse of trees,
'Gainst one of which, whose boughs extended far,
His temporary pulpit stood—a chair—
From which, to the assembly rang'd around,
His gospel trump he blew—with *certain sound.*
Eugenius listen'd with attentive ear,
Elated now with hope, now sunk with fear;
Whilst *Wesleyan* Osborne, reason'd, threaten'd, woo'd,
And won the wand'rer—who confess'd his God;
And straightway, fearless of contempt or loss,
Enrol'd himself—a Soldier of the Cross.

Then were the stones of bigotry and pride
Hurl'd at him from without, on ev'ry side,
By all, except one family of FRIENDS,
Reproachfully call'd "*Quakers*," by those fiends
Of lust infernal, who first tack'd this word
Appellative, to servants of the Lord,
The greatest, wisest, holiest, bravest, best,
That England e'er produc'd—sweet be their rest!
While FOX, and BARCLAY, PENNINGTON, and PENN,
All eulogy of verse, far—far transcend;
The Bard engraves, with feelings of delight,
On memory, the much—the long-lov'd name of—WRIGHT!
Now hedg'd, amid the humble, little flock
Of *Methodists* despis'd, he sought the "rock
"Higher than he"—and, in gradation found,
His feet releas'd from Nature's miry ground;
And thought him bless'd, these *Israelites* among,
While pouring from the heart, the Lamb's new song!
Soon,—and Eugenius ever thought, *too* soon—
A *leader* he was made—e'er yet his moon
From the great source of Light celestial,
Did the *first quarter* of her aspect fill.
Still onward hurried, an *exhorter* next
He stood, when *three months old:* and took his *text*
As *Preacher licenc'd*, when one rapid *year*
Had circumscrib'd sol's ardent, lucid sphere.
Through all these stations, in the humble sense
Of human frailty, and without offence
A forethought, or to GOD, or fellow *man;*
He strove his work to end, as he began:
And wond'ring, saw his little labours bless'd,
By gath'ring sinners to the pool of rest.
And now arriv'd a time, wherein to prove
Eugenius' faith, and fortitude, and love.

By his superior was appointment made
For him to preach,—it dare not be gainsaid—
At the identical, foremention'd place,
Where he 'd expos'd himself to such disgrace
Two years before: but seeing he must go,
He ventur'd thither, trembling, sad, and slow;
And found in waiting an assembled crowd,
Of whom, on seeing him, some wept aloud
For very joy, that Jesu's pow'r had reach'd
One who had scoff'd him, but whom now he preach'd.
Deeply abas'd, he from the sacred Book
A subject, to his state adapted took;
'Twas that of *the returning prodigal:*
Emblem of love redeeming, free to all
Who see and feel, acknowledge and abhor,
The lusts which led them from their home afar,—
Their *Father's House*—true house of joy, where Bread
Of Life abounds, and where the lost and dead,
Quicken'd, are rais'd, embrac'd, array'd, and fed!
Few hearts were there, untouch'd by fire divine,
Few eyes, which did not with a lustre shine
Of softer brilliancy, than ere was seen
On diadem of Solomon, or Sheba's queen.
This humbling heav'n-favour'd service o'er,
The cordial gratulations of the poor,
And of the rich; the aged and the young,
Who knew to speak in the true *Hebrew tongue,*
Were wav'd in thankful sacrifice of song.
Often and varied as these labours were,
Labours, become delights, yet was the care
Of family, and sick, a duty still,
Which, well he knew, 'twas just he should fulfil.
But family increas'd, while business fail'd,
And tho' 'mid penury, sweet peace prevail'd,
Yet, as his change of life, had chang'd his friends,
(A circumstance which ev'ry change attends,

Especially, from life of sin, to good;)
He found himself compell'd, in search of food,
For wife and little ones, and self, to leave
Friends, who could *counsel*, more than *custom* give.
And now, to the *metropolis*, once more
He bends his thoughts.—'Tis easy for the poor
To make their out-fit, settle their accounts,
And pocket, of their profits, all amounts;
So was it with Eugenius: all his stock
Of household goods and house, with key and lock,
Of horse and saddle, and of saddle-bags,
Of gally-pots, of phials, and of rags;
Outstanding debts—(and some stood *out* so long.
That *in* they would not come, for threat or song,)
Barely suffic'd to clear off ev'ry score,
And leave—how much think ye?—an hundred? more
Than sixty dollars *less*, with some few duds
Of bedding, some few hams, and such like goods.
These, on a day appointed, were well stow'd
Into a farmer's wagon; and the load
Of *precious live stock*—wife, and children three,
Snug as their boding hearts would let them be,
Was plac'd o'er all; then all, a long farewell
Reciprocated.—Pray, what next befel?
Why, next, they enter'd on the road, due east,
For *Philadelphia*, with their backs due west;
But, *ent'ring* and *progressing* on a road,
Are two; and thirdly, *reaching an abode*
Anticipated, shrewdly some suspect,
Is both the *end*, and *cause*, in the *effect*.
Thus reason'd Paul, on subjects high above
Things earthly: 'twas of Heav'n-derived Love
In *act*, by men on earth, call'd *Charity:*
"And now abide," (said he substantially),
"Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three" in one,
"But in my humble sentiment, there 's none,

"*Effectually* existent of the three,
"Till *Faith*, the *end*, and *Hope*, the *cause*, agree
"To terminate themselves in *Charity*."
If this be true—which doubted is by some—
Where is the Faith and Hope of CHRISTENDOM?
An answer in three words, we might compress,—
—*In men-made creeds—in dress—and in address.*
Christians! pray, *do your work*, and *tattle* less!
But to proceed, the coach and two went on
Without undue obstruction, and the sun,
Descending, witnessed their first day's rest,
At Lancaster; where many judg'd it best,
That our Itinerant Hero should invite
The citizens, to hear him preach, at night:
This was accomplish'd, as the people will'd,
And, in due time, the meeting house was fill'd.
The num'rous audience, heard, attentively
All that he said—and he had much to say—
But to whose benefit his words were spoken,
He knew not—yet of peace he felt the token.
And the warm shake of hand, and starting tear,
At close, assur'd him that his LORD was there.
Soon as the opening day succeeding, glow'd,
The travellers, refresh'd, resum'd the road:
And, as the teamster—how?—the *Charioteer*,
Or *coachman*—ye may take which comes most near—
As he—(then be it said)—who drove the *wagon*,
And own'd it too, had neither fruit nor flagon,
Wherewith the thirst to quench, or spirits cheer
Of such as limit their sojournings here,
To evanescent things of time and space;
Yet was a man of *intellect* and *grace:*
Eugenius and his wife, the tedious hour
Beguil'd, by converse with him, on that pow'r
Redeeming, and protecting, which had led
Each from Egyptian darkness, and had fed

Ev'n in the wilderness, with "*Angel's food*,"
And could not *now* forsake—for "*He is good*."
And ever and anon the Hymn of praise,
In concord, to the SAVIOUR did they raise.
And now, the ev'ning of the second day,
With heavy, threatning clouds obscures the way;
And much they wish for suitable retreat,
Ere a fast gath'ring thunder storm should beat,
Not on *them* only, but their little charge
Of frighted children;—who scarce dare emerge
From parent lap, their terror-stricken face:
But ah! yet some miles distant was the place,
For shelter most convenient; and the light,
(Save frequent blaze of heav'ns artill'ry—bright,
And terribly sublime) veil'd palpably in night.
Eugenius, trusting to the faithful care
Of wagoner, all that he held most dear;
Hurried ahead, as fast as feet could carry,
To reconnoitre, tho' oft forc'd to tarry
Till vivid lightning, 'mid appaling crash,
Should aid him, by a momentary flash
Of beam sulphureous, haply, to espy
The path of safety. Now, from sluice on high
The pelting rain, in streams adown the sky,
Pours ruthless: when the gladden'd pioneer
Gains glimpse of hospitable tavern, where
A room he orders for the coming guests,
Whom, anxious and with palpitating breasts,
And dripping garments, he exulting sees,
Hails, rescues, and at length beholds at ease.
Refresh'd by balmy sleep, and aliment
Well cook'd, and nicely serv'd; our trav'lers bent
Their third, and last day's course, propitiously,
And, ere night-fall, were all rang'd, high and dry,
In the sky parlour of a sort of *Inn*,
Not far from Market-street, nor over clean;
And soon as WATTS, by searching round about,
Found two spare rooms, he *ferried* them all *out*.

And thus the little great procession mov'd:
The maiden infant, and of course most lov'd,
In father's arms secure, did lead the van;
Next march'd the mother, on whose gentle hand
Hung little fairy daughter, of three years,
Dancing with innocence devoid of fears:
While their first born, "a good lump of a boy,"
Trotted in *rear*, halting at ev'ry toy,
Or ev'ry novel spectacle, till quite
Beside himself, and well nigh out of sight.
The *baggage wagon* slowly follow'd on
And open'd out its contents to the sun.—
No great affairs, tis true, my friends; but then,
Such "*little things are great to little men.*"
Now came the day of reck'ning,—and the worse
On one account—the shallowness of purse—
Of which the Bard has giv'n his patrons, hint;
For precious little silver was left in't,
When freight, tho' not exorbitant, was paid,
And some essential preparation made,
For living—rather breathing—in a city,
Which more abounds in *riches* than in *pity*,
Pity we mean, such as GIRARD is said
T' have shewn, when Drayman's only horse lay dead,
And crowds of sympathising men stood by,
Who with the lip of Charity, would cry:
"Poor man! I *pity* him!"—"*And so do I*,"
Said this eccentrically humane man,
"*Why! if you pity, help him if you can:*
"*I pity him so much*"—and forth he drew,
And gave, a gen'rous bounty—"*how much you?*"
Yet think not that Eugenius *friendless* was—
Exceptions are there to most gen'ral laws;
And noble ones he found, when most he needed,
For when his hope had fail'd, relief succeeded,

In instances, which might to any fool
Prove that a PROVIDENCE DIVINE doth rule.
A BROTHER, one who merited the name—
Ere long, on visit to the stranger, came,
And, with a delicacy, tone, and smile
Peculiar, talk'd of passing things awhile;
Then ask'd Eugenius of his *views* and *means*,
And urg'd him, if he ere expected gains
Professional, to leave his low retreat,
And choose a more convenient public seat;
For tyrant custom, to which all must bow,
Decreed that such as he should make a *show*,
Whether they hap'd to have the means, or no.
Eugenius, in reply, a flat *refusal*
Was forc'd to make to the above proposal;
Not that he did offend, or was unwilling
To make the change propos'd—but ev'ry shilling
Had by this time found exit from his purse,
And hence, his *inability*, of course.
This was no barrier to his friend's intent,
Who hir'd for him a house, and also sent
New furniture complete, both great and small,
For parlour, bed-room, kitchen, and for hall!
Trusting for reimbursement, till success
In course of time, th' adventurer should bless.
Besides all these, when market days came round,
And nought was in Eugenius' coffer found
Wherewith he might the needed food procure;
The gen'rous BEALE would share out, o'er and o'er,
What change he chanc'd to have, *employ'd* him too,
And did what *recommending* him could do.
Eugenius now, *unknown, and yet well known*
By some in affluence, who forgot to own
Him needy, whom when with abundance bless'd,
They deem'd their equal, flatter'd and caress'd;
Who, at his *father's* hospitable board
Had found their months of welcome,—In a word,

Enter'd upon the stage of life anew,
Sought and obtained *new* friends, and serv'd them too,
With zeal; nor did he cease his God to serve.
But in His cause exerted will and nerve.
And Providence,—(to him miraculous,)
Now rais'd a friend, to whom he 'd been of use
In spirituals, who *loan'd*, but would have *giv'n*—
(Sweet, sympathising, messenger of Heav'n!
In loveliest form of female) the full sum
Requir'd, to pay for *furnishing his home!*
And this, unask'd, and for five years enjoy'd
From usury free. Of gratitude devoid
Had our Eugenius prov'd, had not this work
Commemorated the dear name of Yorke!
Yea, doubly dear; for he, whose name she bore
In sacred wedlock, from his ample store,
And ample soul, a greater loan bestow'd,
And without fee. Bless'd steward of thy God!
While yet in widow'd weeds, thy *partner* moves
Adown this vale of sorrow; He who loves
His *likeness*, hath a mansion plac'd for thee,
O'erlooking all of frail humanity.
And thou, unknown, but ne'er forgotten, thou
Of *Healing Art!* Samaritan! ah! how,
In hour of trial such as oft befel
Eugenius—how knew'st *thou* the time so well—
So critically, as, when in thy *note*
Still well remember'd—not indeed by *rote*
But got by *heart*—thou fully didst relieve
From *pressing want?* Eugenius' thanks receive,
Thro' humble Bard. Oh! amid all these *chances*,
(So call'd by infidels), may *thy* "finances,"
Such ebbings, as were oft times *his*, ne'er know,
But in one tide, uninterrupted, flow.
And high enroll'd among his patrons stood
A Parrish, Warder, Smith, and Scattergood,

In fine—from motives, which *he thought* were pure,
But which some *busy bodies* were *quite sure*
Could *not* so be, from "Methodist" to "Friend"
He "chang'd," nor even there inclin'd to end;
But TRUTH esteeming more than *sect* or *pelf*,
From *error* chose *yet more* to save himself.
And found some *outside* Friends *suspicious* grow,
When he "chang'd" "*thee* and *thou*," for vulgar "*you*;"
And turning down the *upright* cape on coat,
He preach'd from BIBLE, and—ah! *sang by note!*
Thus turning to his filth, like a poor shoat!
Filth, which not all the *Water*, *Bread* and *Wine*
Of his *new fangled Church*,—did all combine—
Could ever wash away!—"*What* TAKES OUT THINE?"
He saw,—or *thought* he saw—(to him the same)
That all of *Faith* was but an empty name;
Of *Charity* destructive—that each sect,
The DECALOGUE o'erlooking, thro' neglect
Of duties social, had the true *key-stone*
Lost, and *impos'd* upon the world its *own*;
That, the true *characters*, long since defac'd
By *rubbish*, were forgotten, and each *guess'd*;
And the deluded followers receiv'd
As truth, what none could ever have *believ'd*,
Namely, the ONE creating END to be
Either a monster, personally *three*,
Each self-existent, and *each co-eternal!*
Deducing thence, doctrines, if not infernal,
Yet palpably at variance with sense
Common to all—the gift of Providence:
Hence the *Socinian* faith, and that of *Arians*,
Hence all the tenets of all *Trinitarians*,
(More properly *tripersonal* divines)
As from one centre flow, in still diverging lines:

Or, that the SUBSTANCE of *all substances*
Was nought but "spirit," rather, if you please,
A mere "*ens rationis*," about whom
Nought can we predicate till day of doom;
Hence ATHEISM, open or conceal'd,
Hence the despite of heav'ns own Truth reveal'd,
In that MOST HOLY record of the WORD,
Which treats supremely, of the only LORD
JEHOVAH JESUS, from Eternity
CREATOR; but in time and "flesh" to be
REDEEMER; and now *glorified*, the ONE,
In whom concentred, as a glorious SUN
Are LOVE and WISDOM and their ENERGY,
Uncreate three in one, and *one in three;*
Thus constituting the GOD-MAN, who now
Reigns POTENTATE: to HIM let men and angels bow!
He saw, moreover, with re-lumin'd eye,
JERUSALEM descending from on high,
And fixing, on the spot where *Babylon*,
(Fall'n—*fall'n*—FALL'N!) had maintain'd her throne:
That NEW JERUSALEM, by *John* foreseen,
In vision clear—no veil of flesh between—
By JESUS promis'd—by His WORD foretold—
That WORD by which He fram'd the worlds of old—
That WORD, of which *Creation* testifies—
Whose *Holy Transcript*, the anointed eyes,
And ready pen, of SWEDENBORG, the man
Divinely taught, and qualified—again
Hath open'd, by the KEY from Heav'n let down,
New-burnish'd, for alas! 'twas rusty grown;
This Key, by CORRESPONDENCE of each ward,
Unlocks the Treasure-house of *Israel's* LORD;
Each chamber enters, can with ease unfold
To view *interior*, the vast stores of gold,

And silver; precious stones, and wine,
And oil, and corn; and silk, and linen fine,
And chariots, with their harness—in a word—
What mortal eye ne'er saw, ear never heard!
Strange! that all Christendom should not unite,
By means of Truth's own *Key*, to bring to light,
Those heav'nly treasures! and more strange, that all,
Should join to vilify, and to miscall
A Herald, who the *olive-branch* extends,
And from all *infidel* attempts, defends,
With shield *impregnable*, that Citadel
Of Truth Divine, which scorns the hosts of hell.
Did all but love the *Truth*, as they profess,
And self, and sect, and "orthodoxy" less;
The scales, incrusted from their eyes should fall,
Jesus be hail'd Jehovah, Lord of all!

The Muse might long on circumstantials dwell,
But ill it suits each circumstance to tell;
Enough, if from his life, the *useful* pages
Be copied, for the good of after ages.
"*Of after ages!*"—some may sneering, cry:
"Yes—after ages"—doth the Bard reply:
"*Poets, like* Critics, *all have vanity!*'
Yet e'en these Extracts, much the author fears,
May cost some blushes, for they cost Eugenius tears.

LINES WRITTEN IN 1818,

Addressed to a Friend, who had frequently requested some Verses from the Author.

Not one of the Nine has for years been to teaze me;
Old *Pegasus* leaves me to foot it along;—
Then how, my kind friend, can I now hope to please thee
By aught I can scribble in form of a song?

A *song*—did I say? this wont do for a *plain* man,
I dare not attempt one, lest *Friends* should all know it,
And to stamp the thing high, would but prove me a *vain* man,
For sure, no pretensions have I as a poet.

But what shall I write of? This merits enquiry—
Shall wit, or shall beauty, or love be my theme?
I could jingle on these long enough to out-tire thee,
And yet after all, I should write but a dream!

That 'wit is a feather,' can't well be contested;
That beauty is only skin deep, 'tis allow'd;
As to love—the poor fool that with love is infested,
(I mean what 's so call'd) has no cause to be proud.

Let my theme, then, be Friendship. When pure, such as thine is,
It has claims of a nature I cannot withstand:
It can rouse all the fire poetic that mine is,
And force me to rhyme by its potent command.

On this foot-ball of earth, altho' friendship 's a stranger,
It may yet be discover'd by those who have eyes;
But, as with the heavenly babe in the manger,
Few stoop low enough to obtain the rich prize.

Than the finest of gold, is true friendship more precious,
Than the phœnix (if e'er it existed) more rare:
Than beauty, array'd in her robe ostentatious,
And vying with snow, more exquisitely fair.

As sweet to the trav'ler, when thirsty and weary,
The cup of cool water, and shady alcove;
So sweet to the mind, so refreshing and cheery,
In this vale of sorrow, the friend whom we love:

Whose heart, void of guile, is blest sympathy's mansion,
Whose mind, not uncultur'd, with knowledge is fraught;
And with wisdom divine, in progressive expansion,
Receiving the truth which by JESUS is taught.

With a friend such as this, let the world frown or flatter,
Let Satan annoy, or our passions rebel
Against reason's mild sway, 'tis no very great matter—
For sympathy's magic will break ev'ry spell.

If so great be the pow'r of friendship that 's human,
(And such between *David* and *Jonathan* reign'd,
Exceeding the tender affection of woman)
How unspeakably precious is CHRIST as a friend!

Behold him, in all our afflictions partaking,
The man of great sorrows, acquainted with grief:
Ne'er changing his purpose, nor ever forsaking
His friends when most needy, or asking relief.

With the voice, and the look, and the smile of compassion,
He wooes his frail creatures, he bids them draw nigh;
Their offences forgives and without reservation,
Bestows his best gifts on the needy that cry:

Yea, *Himself* he bestows; and to rapt'rous communion,
The soul, once most abject, he deigns to exalt;
To redeem by his WORD, and in mystical union,
To the Father present, without blemish or fault.

O! for friendship like this, let our praises ascend,
As sweet incense before him, whilst here we sojourn;
Soon—soon shall he cause all our sorrows to end,
And transplant us to—where there is no room to mourn!

LINES ADDRESSED TO M. E. H. 1821.

POETS, dear Mary, are a set
Of beings nondescript;
Who write just when they please, and else
Had quite as lieve be whipt:

Poets, I mean, of Nature's make—
Not rhymers, such as I,
Who with my Dædalean wings,
In vain essay to fly,

Where heav'n-born genius lightly soars,
E'en to Parnassus' top;
Much less, beyond, as well thou know'st
Did Milton, Young, and Pope;

And some few more, whom I could name,
And fain would emulate;
But for *one* reason—worth a score—
Mine 's a Saturnine pate.

Remember, too, the adage trite,
Viz. one good volunteer,
Is better far than any two,
Impel'd by force or fear;

Or *worried* into what they do,
Whether to work or fight;
Or,—what is oftimes full as hard—
Poetic lines to write.

Now, it may be, my friend may say,
'So far, so good, what next?
'Come, Doctor, to the point, I pray:
''Tis time to take thy text.'

Well—to the point then, Mary dear.
Which text of all thy three
(Religion, Friendship, Love) suits best?
Leav'st thou the choice to me?

If so, RELIGION I shall choose:
Best gift of Heav'n to man!
His only sure preservative,
Since time his course began:

'Twas this which bound him to his God,
When first in Eden plac'd;
This warn'd him of the noxious fruit,
And bade him—'not to taste.'

This was his *life*, while firm in *faith*,
His *will* obedient prov'd;
But fled when *duty* he forsook,
And things inferior lov'd.

This, hov'ring o'er us, tho' unseen,
Our hapless state now views;
And "waiting to be gracious," still
Our wand'ring steps pursues.

Whispers, and knocks, and wooes, and strives
Conviction to impress;
Nor leaves till it has clearly shewn
The *wish*, and *pow'r* to bless.

Thrice happy they, who *hear* and *live*,
Their cov'nant to renew!
And, humbly penitent, enquire—
'What would'st thou have me do?'

These shall on earth their Eden find,
And, (ev'ry sin forgiv'n)
Fulfil, in peace, their task assign'd;
Then, joyful, enter HEAV'N.

TO MY NIECE.

What shall I write for my dear little niece?
How can I send the girl pouting away!
What shall I bring as an off'ring of peace?
Tell me, ye Muses, do tell me, I pray!

None of your ladyships grant me an ear!
None with a subject my noddle inspire!
Hence then, ye gypsies—I want you not here—
March—to the tune of your own antique lyre!

Long might I court, ye still might prove coy:
Better the fruitless attempt to give o'er;
Now, independent, my wits I 'll employ—
Never—no—never—make suit to you more!

Stay! If ye come of your own free accord,
Vex'd as I was, ye may enter my cot.
Nay—I recall the precipitate word—
Room will be wanting for all—I forgot.

And since so closely together ye band,
Loth should I be e'er to part you—shy lasses;
So I 'll proceed, take what first comes to hand,
Fix the fleet *notion*, as by me it passes.

Now—I 've got hold on 't—and shan't let it go,
'Till with a *name*, and *abode* I invest it;
Fearless if even a CRITIC should know!
HOME is my theme—I have frankly confess'd it:

Mark the daring sons of ocean,
How they brave the billowy foam!
What calms the wave's tumultuous motion
Like the witching thought of HOME?

To those who face the foe in battle,
What brightens war's terrific gloom,
When thund'ring Deaths promiscuous rattle:
But remembrance sweet of HOME?

Yonder see the peaceful peasant:
What but hope of bliss to come,
Mitigates his toil incessant?
Centered are his joys in HOME.

Dear the relatives who lately
Op'd for thee their kindred dome;
But far dearer they who wait thee—
Long to bid thee, 'welcome HOME!'

Various although the grade and station,
Wheresoe'er we dwell, or roam;
Savage or civiliz'd the nation:
The happiest spot on earth, is HOME.

Ev'n when our *earth*, to earth returning,
Seeks the confines of the tomb;
Hope anticipates the morning,
When our *souls* shall rest at HOME!

IMPROMPTU,

On reading Madam Cantelo's *advertisement, in Poulson's Paper.*

Madam Cantelo, from Broadway, New York,
Who has not her fellow in *Corsets* to work,
Gives notice to ricketty belles,
That she brings them a parcel—neat, tasty and strong,
(Her stay but three days—ah! would it were long!)
And by *wholesale* and *retail* she sells.

Then haste to her wareroom, young misses and dames,
Delay not a moment to give in your names,
Lest ye all at your leisure should rue it:
For if your lank sides need her coopering arts,
Do let her repair them before she departs:
Perhaps there 's none else that can do it!

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing the pompous Funeral, *of a great man.*

Fictitious woe, in fashionable black,
Hung round the hearse in graceful negligence;
While from the heads of relatives and friends,
And priests, and sextons, hirelings and slaves;
Flow'd streams of sorrow—aye, some yards in length!

LINES WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT,

Presented to one of my Sons. 1824.

Oh! 'read, mark, learn. and inwardly digest'
These records, with an humble, docile mind;
'Tis thy high privilege—Heav'ns high behest!
May'st thou, my son, their latent treasure find.

Here, thro' the letter's sacred cov'ring, shine
Momentous truths, and shed their glorious rays,
On eyes and spirits touch'd with love divine—
With God's catholicon of light and grace.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

Of one of my Daughters.

Some strain at gnats, while camels they gulp down,
At poesy and other arts they frown;
Denounce all science as rank heresy,
And, by their law, its votaries must die:
Mint, Anise, Cummin tithe with strictest care,
Know, to a thread, what each one ought to wear;
Sadden the countenance, and bow the head,
As if in mourning for religion dead.
But ah, what sour leaven lurks within!
What a huge load of Pharisaic sin!
Judgment and mercy they have clean forgot,
And heav'n-born love and charity shut out.

Be thou, my daughter, ever kept in awe
Of Him, who on thine heart imprints His Law:
Whate'er offends against this law of love,
Submissive sacrifice; thus shalt thou prove,
By blest experience, what is *thine* to know,
What *thou* must *cease from*, what He 'd have thee *do*.

Cheerful obey each secret dictate heard,
And purify thy way, thro' His pure WORD:
Thus, by degrees, made glorious *within*,
Thine *outside* too, shall in His sight be clean.

IN A DAUGHTER'S ALBUM.

PURE be the Album of thy tender mind!
May light celestial free admission find;
May no rude passion ruffle or deface
The page whereon GOD deigns His Law to trace:
His Law of LOVE, of Innocence and Truth,
Whose deepest impress is receiv'd in youth.
In silence ponder—unreserv'd obey,
Whate'er thou find'st inscrib'd from day to day;
So shalt thou be redeem'd from ev'ry sin,
And realize on earth an heav'n within.

INSCRIBED IN A DAUGHTER'S ALBUM.

YON infant, cradled in maternal arms,
Sips love, while beaming forth angelic charms:
What is it, that such pure affection warms?
'Tis *innocence*—the soul's unsullied *Album*.

See! the fond mother, too, while pressing home
To her soft breast, elate with joys to come,
The darling pledge of wedlock's happy doom:
Conjugial *love's* inscrib'd upon *her Album*.

Soon as the little charge can lisp the name
Of LOVE, she suscitates the latent flame,
Teaches the dear enquirer, whence it came;
And how Heav'n makes each docile mind an *Album*.

The heav'n instructed child, to virgin years,
Now see advanc'd. Parental hopes and fears,
Grow with her growth; while secret pray'rs and tears,
Oft flow, that she may keep unsoil'd her *Album*.

Awhile she blooms in innocence and peace,
Fearful to wound the op'ning bud of Grace;
'Till syren Pleasure's luring voice and face,
Essay to dim the brightness of her *Album*.

With half averted step, and boding heart,
As loth from TRUTH's pure dictates to depart;
She follows *Sense*, 'till keen *Reflection's* smart,
Haply reminds her of her slighted *Album*.

Thrice bless'd! if *now* the wanderer retrace
Her way, and seek again her resting place;
Lest, in the stead of her departed Peace,
She find but remnants of a *tarnished Album!*

IN THE ALBUM OF MISS S-N E-D-F-D.

FOR friendship, warm and lasting, wast thou form'd,
Dear maid: 'twould seem as if no act of thine,
Or wish encourag'd, ever yet had marr'd
The impress of that Hand that moulded thee
In *Charity's* fair image. Thy "dove's eyes"
Can pierce the cloud of imperfection, drawn
O'er human character, and virtues spy,
Beyond the narrow scope of selfish minds.
Thou could'st forgive, too, were there to be found
One base enough to harm thee, not alone
Till seven times, but seventy, sev'n times told.

While nought of glory or of praise is thine,
Yet do I love thee, Susan, for that thou
With meekness and obedience, (not the boast

Of him, who this memento now inscribes,)
Receivest, and reflectest them around.
May'st thou continue in the bright ascent,
From "faith to virtue, thence to knowledge rise,
(The knowledge of thyself, and of thy God,)
Leading to temp'rance, and yet higher on,
To patience—thence to bless'd philanthropy,
Till CHARITY" celestial crown them all.

IN THE ALBUM OF MISS S-H E-D.

I saw thee, ere thy venerated sire
Was sever'd from thee. I have met thee oft,
Link'd with thy lovely sister, and led on
By gentle hand maternal; ere I knew
Thy infant name was SARAH. I remember
The mild, sweet, smile of innocence, which play'd
O'er thy irradiated countenance;
And beam'd in sparkles from thy eyes which spake,
When, as a stranger, thou saluted me.
Time, and vicissitude of circumstance,
Have brought me nearer to thee, and thy kindred:
And still, with feelings bordering on paternal,
Do I behold unchang'd, tho' more matur'd,
As womanhood is ripening upon thee,
The same sweet smile of innocence, combin'd
With pure intelligence, bespeaking well
The hand maternal which the twins had rear'd,
Dispensing to thine eye its brilliancy,
And to thy visage its carnation tint.
May heav'nly piety preserve thee still
In pristine loveliness, and finally,
By works accordant perfected, may thou
Dissolve into the source of Love Divine,
More pure, more spotless far, than snowy page of *Album*.

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Pure as this Album be thy life, dear maid,
From blot of sin; may Charity pervade
Thy virgin breast, and all its passions rule,
Calm'd to sweet peace by its Divine controul.
The "one thing needful" be thy only choice,
Give inward heed to *Jesus'* "still small voice;"
Obey, with ready will, his mandate giv'n,
So shalt thou taste on earth the rapt'rous bliss of Heaven.

TRANSLATION OF A GERMAN HYMN,

In Luther's Collection; beginning

Nun sich der tag geendet hat.

Now ev'ning shades o'er earth prevail;
The sun beneath the West
Has sunk; and nature, tir'd with toil
Slumbers in peaceful rest.

Unwearied, Thou alone, Oh God,
Remainest in thy might;
While darkness, shudd'ring at thy nod
Flees thee—effulgent Light!

Deign, Lord, in this benighted state
Thy canopy to spread;
In mercy, let thine angels wait,
To guard my lonely bed.

Defend me from the tempter's snares,
By thy all-pow'rful host;
So, free from perils and from cares,
Thy love shall be my boast.

'Tis true, I feel the guilt of sin,
For this I mourn to thee;
But oh! Thy matchless grace within
Can save a wretch like me.

Thou art my surety at the bar
Of Judgment; thee I claim;
Can I of mercy then despair,
Possess'd of JESUS' name!

On this I rest; and now mine eyes
In confidence I close;
God is my guard, and I shall rise,
Refresh'd by sweet repose.

Hence then, vain thoughts! pursue your road,
Amid the giddy throng;
I build a Temple to my God,
To Him exalt the song.

If Lord, this night should be my last,
In sorrow's vale to spend;
Oh! may my blissful lot be cast,
With thee, where sorrows end.

To thee I live, to thee I die,
Thou high and holy One!
In life or death, be Thou but nigh
Then let Thy will be done.

TO MISS MARY H-W-L.

CHRISTMAS—1824.

Retire we, Mary, low in humble quiet:
Or, if we may, in rapt'rous *silence* muse;
While Adam's sons, with senseless show and riot,
Their glorious Christian festival *abuse*.

See Pride, and Lust, and Superstition join,
To celebrate th' eventful Gospel day:
When Love, and Truth, and Pow'r, Jehovah's trine,
Were veil'd in mortal man's infirmity!

Armour, in which Apollyon's mighty host,
In, and as man, he met and overcame;
Thus reconciling Adam, fall'n and lost,
And crowning with a new mysterious name.

A *name* which Satan's routed legions dread,
A *name*, to which adoring angels bow;
Jesus! inscrib'd in radiance o'er his head,—
Glory of man in Heav'n, and man below!

TO MISS ELEANOR H-W-L.

NEW YEAR—1825.

"I wish thee a happy New Year."
Asks Eleanor, what means the phrase?
Could I wish her a round of 'good cheer,'
For three hundred and sixty-five days,

With the surplus six hours—I would not;
And if rightly her mind I have guess'd,
She would spurn it as ne'er worth a groat,
And had rather be sad, than thus bless'd.

No. The checquer of sunshine and shade,
Is best suited to pilgrims on earth;
And by contrast, well knows the dear maid,
Are we taught of each blessing the worth.

Who, the bliss of forgiveness e'er knew,
'Till repentance had open'd the way?
Enhanceth not darkness the view,
Of the morn, and effulgence of day?

Be my wish, then, the wish of her soul,
As frequent, as warm, as sincere—
That still nearer the Christian's bright goal,
She may be e'er the close of New Year.

AN ACROSTIC.

Extol the Great Redeemer's Name!
Mortals, with all your ransom'd pow'rs;
And let your grateful songs proclaim
None other Lord nor God but yours.
Unceasing acts of humble praise,
Each moment of your life demands;
Loud, and more loud, your voices raise,
Give glory with your hearts and hands!
Oh! what an evidence of love,
Doth JESUS give to sinful man!
What could the GOD of Nature move,
In flesh to dwell? Mysterious Plan!
To dwell in frail mortality?
Hark! *'Twas that Man, thro' Death, might live:*
Unbounded Grace! Blest Mystery!
Sinners! The saving Truth receive!

"Thou shalt CALL *his name JESUS."*

WHEN from the realms of bliss, on Mercy's wings,
The God of Love to earth his visit made;
The morning stars—those first-born sons of light,
Fill'd the demains of Heav'n with shouts and songs!
To them, (the vail, now drawn, in part, aside,
Which hid from view th' Almighty's great design,
In the *creation* of their brother, man,)
Was shewn, in prospect bright, his *restoration*,
From the sad *fall*, o'er which th' angelic hosts,
Ev'n in celestial mansions, oft had wept.
Their glowing bosoms now new raptures felt;
And from the plenitude of grateful joy,
Burst forth this Anthem: Glory in the highest,
Be to JEHOVAH giv'n: On earth be peace,
And to lost man, good-will." Thrice blessed day!
Let man responsive sing, in joyful strains,
"To us a *son* is born, a *child* is giv'n."
Mysterious birth—Oh, gift unspeakable!
The MIGHTY GOD—in *infant weakness* cloth'd—
The EVERLASTING FATHER—*child of days!*
Crown'd—while in *swaddling-bands*—The PRINCE of PEACE.

TRANSLATION, IN 1824,

Of an Extract from a Latin Prose Work, printed in the year 1745.

OF THE ORIGIN OF THE EARTH.

SAGES of yore, whose minds were more retir'd
From their gross bodies, and thus nearer Heav'n;
O'er nature's inmost works intently por'd,
Spied, in the revolutions of their times,
That ages past were nobler than their own;
And that in those, Justice and Purity,
With their attendant virtues, sway'd the world:

Hence this tradition, that the Gods themselves,
Did from their starry thrones to earth descend,
And dwelt in social intercourse with men:
As if the highest Heav'n had bow'd itself
To these inferior regions; and had pour'd
Its own supreme beatitudes on all,
Ev'n to the utmost verge of air or earth.

In honour of these gods, the antients nam'd
Those favour'd ages, *Saturnine* and *Golden.*
The earth, they taught, was with delicious flow'rs,
And fruits, of heavenly culture, then adorn'd;
And that *this* universe the aspect wore,
Of one continued paradise or garden:
Yea, that the four divisions of the year,
In one collected, form'd perpetual spring;
Cool'd by perennial zephyrs of its own,
Which, while they temper'd ether's ardent heat,
Fill'd all that dwelt thereon with gladsomeness.

With scenery thus wrought, the wise of old
Open'd the theatre of this our orb:
Doubtless, because in ev'ry of her sports,
Her births, her products, whether quick or dead;
The express image they could contemplate,
Of order thus consummate: for they saw
That nothing was without its *spring* and *flow'r*—
Without its *infancy* and *innocence.*
Representations of particulars,
Are, of the gen'ral but so many *mirrors;*
And, vice versa; for particulars,
From generals themselves a place obtain.
Convinc'd of this perpetual law of nature,
Into primeval times they trac'd it back;
Inferring that the like estates, of spring
And infancy, were common to them all.

Attempt we thus our universe to scan
In all these various singulars reflected;

And, by analogy, from these evolve,
Of times and ages the fix'd destinies.
But ah! how vain all human enquiry,
Void of the fav'ring influence of HIM—
The DEITY SUPREME! from whom alone,
Fountain and sun of wisdom infinite,
Flow *truths*, as rays, to our intelligence!
Therefore to HIM, in deep humility,
We bow, and supplicate his gracious aid.

AROUND the centre of this universe,
In ceaseless circuits doth our globe revolve;
Tracing, as in an orbit. her vast course,
Throughout the constellated *zodiac*.
Each revolution round the glorious sun
Back to the point from which her course she sped:
Her YEAR is nam'd. Rolling on oblique *axis*,
Upward toward the north inclin'd, and downward
Tow'rd its opposite: diverging thus,
From the great *equidial circle* moves;
And thus, at each degree, in ev'ry place,
The varied aspect of the sun she views.
And hence the *four divisions* of the *year*,
SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER, are deriv'd.

But other revolution she performs,
As of a wheel upon its axis turn'd;
Extending through th' equator to the *poles:*
And thus the vast circumference graduates.
Of this, each part, or grade, is call'd a day.
In each *degree*, the *rise* and *altitude*,
And *setting* of the orb of light, are seen;
And thus. again, each day's quaternary,
Of MORN, MERIDIAN, EVENING, and NIGHT,
With HOURS on each attendant, as *their* days;
Measure the times of times of ev'ry year.
Hence the four intervals of mimic years,
In these diurnal intervals we trace:

Spring in the *morn*, and *summer* in *mid-day*,
In *ev'ning*, *autumn*; *winter* in the *night*.

Like as this orb terraqueous seeks the sun,
So tends the *moon* unto her centre, *earth*;
And, in her circuit, two opposing points,
Or nodes, upon the equinoctial cuts;
While through her proper *zodiac* she dances,
And at each *minute* changes place and aspect,
According as she nears to either pole;
Reflecting thus her ever-varying light.
These circuits are *her* years, by us nam'd months.
In her behold again the effigy
Of course, and times, and of vicissitudes,
Flowing from these, as from inferior causes;
Like to the times and changes in our earth.

Huge, pond'rous bodies, beside these, there are,
Wand'ring about the common fount of light,
Within *this* solar universe, call'd planets:
These in like manner, round *their* centre whirl,
At various distances; these all describe,
In harmony, their vast peripheries;
And all enjoy *their* years, and times, and spaces.
Immense in mass, they too, like our earth,
Their *axes* to their sev'ral *poles* erect;
And bend, in boundless *zodiacs*, their courses.
Hence all the changing seasons too are *theirs:*
All have their *spring* time, *summer*, *autumn*, *winter*.
Borne too, round proper axes, as in wheels,
Each planet sees, at ev'ry grade, her sun
Arise at *morn*, and set at *eventide;*
Hence *midday*, *night*, and intermediate grades,
Of lights and shades, proportionate, are theirs.

Round these are Satellites, which, like our moon,
The light of ev'ry changing disk reflect;—
That which, at farthest distance from the sun

Projected, traverses ethereal space,
Lest it should hesitate, and doubt its way;
Is furnish'd with a *luminous retinue;*
Which, as one *lunar mirror*, girds it round,
Collects the wearied solar rays; and pours
The lucid treasure full into its face.

Round the grand system, where the solar orb,
His planets, and attendant moons, revolve;
Innumerable *stars* the heav'ns illume:
These are the fancied constellations *twelve*,
Whose sections form the *zodiacal* signs,
And fix the visible immensity.
On thrones immoveable they sit, as suns,
And o'er their several realms their light diffuse;
For each his proper universe controuls,
Greater or less, proportioned to the pow'r,
And quantity, of light in which he dwells.
These in celestial bands each other press,
And, thro' concatenations endless twine
The *sphere celestial;* and thro' boundless orbits,
Compose *one* Form, the model of *all* forms;
Where, in sweet concord, one and all conspire,
T' impart stability and strength to all.

From union thence resulting, the complex
Of universes, Firmament is nam'd;
For, in this grand confederated body,
No member boasts of aught he calls his own;
Save this, that from the great community
He feels the influx; and again restores it,
From his own orb, into the common stock.
Hence all received and reflected lights,
They lock not up within their selfish spheres;
But pour them forth around, on ev'ry orb,
Ev'n to the opake bodies of *our* world;
Their aid imparting, whensoe'er the sun
Forsakes our hemisphere and lets in night.

Within the precincts of *this* universe,
'Tis said, vast bodies circumcurrent move;
Which to the sun, as to a centre, tending,
Mature with ages, and obtain a place.
Sol, as a venerable parent, views
The distant efforts of his racing sons,
For ages striving to attain the goal;
Consults their common, and their separate, good;
And, altho' distant, with perpetual care
Is present with them, lights them with his rays,
And from his bosom cherishes with warmth;
Gives each a gaudy vestment ev'ry year;
With food perennial nurtures; and the life
Of all prolongs, and crowns them with his light.
But while these various functions of his office,
As *primogenitor*, the sun performs;
Whence, in the nature of causation, springs
That, which the destinies of worlds evolves—
Of worlds, from their primordial existence?
From Mind—responds the radiant orb,—from Mind!
And heav'n-taught *reason* owns the silent truth!

In order, first *this* earth we contemplate,
Ere yet she bursts the confines of her egg;
Next in her infancy, her flow'r of youth,
And lastly, trace her through her destinies.
As these, with others, in the mirror vast,
Of universal nature, we behold,
In all things coinciding; we infer,
By consequents, from antecedents drawn,
(Proof incontestible) her origin
To be from series the self-same deriv'd.

Time, therefore, was, as tho' it ne'er had been,
When erst the bodies of this universe,
The teeming sun as mighty embryos bore'
And, in succession, hurl'd them into air.
This truth is, without demonstration, clear.
Of these vast bodies, pond'rous and inert,

Neither gestation in their burning focus,
Nor yet the subsequent expulsive pow'r;
Could ever from themselves have been deriv'd:
But exhalations like the Sun himself,
And from him flowing and deriving virtue,
Are but, at best, his *ultimate* effects.
Hence learn we, that at first the source of Light,
Was, by his own effulgent Halitus,
(And this excited by eradiation,
And thence thrown out on all sides) overspread.
These, from all parts, in fulness confluent,
As by *retraction*, sought their wonted *rest*.
Still more and more condens'd, the subtle fluids,
A nebulous circumference became;
Which, like unto an albugineous mass,
Clos'd in the Sun himself; and form'd, at length,
THE MIGHTY OVUM OF THE UNIVERSE.
That then in time, the intercepted rays,
And spiracles upon its surface, clos'd,
A crust or shell contracted; which the sun,
Glowing and tumid at th' appointed hour,
Burst; and those pondrous masses, seen dispers'd
Throughout this universe, sent whirling forth:
A glorious progeny of lights, which still,
Drawn by his love, admire and obey!

Alike in all things, whether in the great,
Or lesser subjects of this mundane sphere;
In either of the kingdoms of this earth,
Whether viviparous, from seed, or egg,
They be produc'd; the ratio holds the same:
For these but figure the grand universal,
And emulate it in their little spheres.

This crusted arch immense, when wide disploding,
Forth leapt in air those massy wanderers;
Aping, in this vast universe, our earth.
Some, yet unform'd, nor yet in ether hung,
Or clasp the skirts of their great genitor,

Defying ev'ry force to pluck them thence;
Or fringe his lap, or sparkle o'er his bosom.

Soon as the Sun his folding doors had clos'd,
He, from the plenitude of tumid fount,
Thro' gaping mouths, into the boundless void
Of space, his igneous halitus diffus'd;
With co-extending pow'rs and virtues fraught,
To neighb'ring and ulterior distances.
To each an *Atmosphere* and *Space* he gave.
Hence *Ether* sprang, which now around the Sun,
And round these bodies simultaneous thrown;
Like swathing bands aerial, wrap'd them in:
And next with *spheres* conforming with their motions,
In nice exactitude surrounded each;
In each periphery a *vortex* plac'd,
Which in perpetual circles drew them on;
And by their means the common centre turn'd.
Then first these melted masses, fluid yet,
From this concourse of centripetal pow'rs;
Their present form orbicular put on.
These new made orbs, yet void of gravity,
Since only at their centres borne and whirl'd,
By circumfused ether; *répent* first.
Then step by step, infantile, round the sun,
Their course attempted; next in mazy dance,
Of swift and measured circuits, nimbly tripp'd;
And years, and days, and times, then first assum'd.

While in their pristine seasons, round and round,
These globes in short, impetuous course were dragg'd,
Forming their annual peripheries;
True to prescribed rotatory laws,
Of all celestial bodies; further outward,
Into circumferences more extended,
In form of current wreath they cast themselves:
And thus by spiral sallies from their centre,
And from the fervid bosom of their parents;

With gentle pace, and cautious, they withdrew:
Then, as if wean'd, a sep'rate course pursued.
Of these, each balanc'd in his proper sphere,
With gravity to mass proportinate;
From natal centre swift or slow receded.—
The brethern separated thus, each one
With giv'n velocity in space arose,
His volutations wid'ning more and more,
Thro' grades ethereal, to his utmost bound.
Some too, their *little orbs*, or more or less,
Away from the paternal court decoy'd,
Into their circling spheres, as SATELLITES,
Or servants. *One* alone *our* earth withdrew
As bondmaid, LUNA nam'd. Her office 'tis,
The sun's bright image on her glass to catch;
And nightly on her mistress to reflect.
Thus, where, and howsoe'er, themselves they turn;
Their actions and their movements all are seen,
As present with their common genitor.

Our orb, about the sun, in ceaseless rounds,
And periwinkle spires, perennial mov'd;
The better to present to him each point
Of her fair form, yet nude and delicate:
That so, at ev'ry turn, the vital warmth
Of his parental breath, she might receive.
As yet she was not earth; but like some bare
And shoreless water, a vast fluid heap
Of principles, of inert nature, form'd,
Gather'd, and bound by rays of neighb'ring heat,
From sol's intensely ardent focus driv'n;
And from her inmost deep with fervour boil'd.
At length these principles, or elements
Of gross and inert nature, coalesc'd
Into new secondaries, wat'ry, saline,
Earthy, and the like; lastly, from these
Sprang infinite varieties of forms.

Numberless duties, changes numberless,
This orb was doom'd to suffer, and perform;
Which, as efficient causes in herself,
Should, in continuous series, educe
Common effects. This order of successives,
And ceaseless continuity of cause;
Is that which gives perfection to our earth.

Two principles of nature had existed,
And flourish'd now; *active* and *passive* these.
That fill'd the universe, and of its pow'rs
And principles, the *atmosphere* was ETHER;
But *this* the passive, gather'd into one;
Gave form to globes, suspended them; and pois'd
Within the vortex of the active pow'rs.
Now was the *marriage* of these principles;
That from their junction there might be deriv'd
A new and intermediate atmosphere;
Which nearest to the orb should move, and catch
The solar fires, and modify their heat;
In just proportion to its varying state,
Its density and column. This, brought forth,
Was *air*, which from its origin deriv'd
What most resembled ether, in all modes;
And in addition, as possessing *weight*,
Could cause itself, and earth, to gravitate.

This atmospheric fruit of ties connubial,
Between the subtile principles, exhal'd
From this orb's bosom, and th' etherial spirit;
Gave to that heat which from the igneous fount
Flow'd out, incipient temp'rature. When first,
Our liquid orb a filmy tunic wore,
More dense becoming, as the affluence
Of subemergent particles increas'd,
From her yet fervid central furnace thrown.

Thus deck'd as with a gorgeous robe, this orb,
In comeliness and beauty exquisite,

Her first appearance as of earth put on.
For smooth and even was her surface then,
From spot, declivity or valley free;
A sphere interminable, water'd o'er
With rivulets and streams from thermals deep;
Transmitting the warm life thro' all her frame.
A dewy cloud encompass'd, which, embued
With the fresh atmosphere, her bosom press'd;
And by its constant cooling influence cheer'd.

In beauty thus array'd, the virgin earth
Like a new ovum seem'd; save that her surface
With num'rous ovula was studded o'er:
These were collections of the tender germs
Of future kingdoms; whose components since,
In triple order rang'd, by us are nam'd,
Mineral, *Vegetable*, *Animal*.
These germs or seeds were yet promiscuous,
The rudiments of one within the other;
For in the min'ral, as a matrix, lay
The vegetable; and in this was wrapp'd,
As in its nurse's lap, the animal.
Each in due order was in time evolv'd:
And thus the present did the past contain,
And both conceal'd the future; for in series
Continued, each was in the next enfolded.
Hence sprang the *ratio* of *vicissitudes*,
In this our earth; where each to other yok'd,
In view of consequents, commenceth still,
While antecedents are in turn forgot.
And, as within her orbit she progress'd,
Receding from her centre; she involv'd
New pow'rs, whence USES in their order flow'd.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE SAME LATIN WORK.

OF PARADISE.

Unclad as yet, and unadorn'd, the earth
In years encreas'd; and as a virgin pure,
Hasted to blossom in maturity.
Whilst yet in her interior revolution,
The borders of the sun she seem'd to graze;
So swiftly did she traverse through her times,
That ages she perform'd in miniature;
Which, measur'd by the spaces of our times,
Scarce equall'd in extent so many *months*.
Each revolution was a solar *year*,
Each turn upon her axis form'd a *day*.
Yet still those times, like spaces, she encreas'd,
While in a spiral mode, diverging round,
Her revolutions still she amplified.

Time therefore was, when, as it were a speck,
Around the sun she travers'd—Then, e're long,
Press'd on the orbit of that *wand'ring star*,
Which at this day moves *nearest* to the sun;
Next of that beauteous planet, Venus nam'd,
Which ushers in the *morn*, and crowns the *eve*.
And thus no space was found, from solar centre,
To that circumference where now she moves;
Unintercepted in her mazy rounds,
Or where her circling footsteps had not been.
Thus, thro' successive evolutions borne
Continuous; the earth her bounds enlarg'd,
Her years increasing, till at length arriv'd
To bloom of virgin age; and to the goal
Then first prescrib'd, and never since transgress'd.
Her circuits, nor contracted nor enlarg'd,

A certain medium now were doom'd to hold;
Namely, that the four seasons of the year,
Should each so closely on the other press,
Its bounds invading; as if each in turn,
Did change into and subrogate the other,
Like spokes upon the swiftly moving wheel:
So, when short spring to shorter summer yielded,
That, to fleet autumn's brief authority,
By winter seiz'd; his office it became,
To render back to spring the varying year—
To spring—tho' oft forsaken, not divorc'd.
Thus times quarternary, altho' distinct;
By swift alternate influx coalesc'd,
Forming a *unit*—a PERPETUAL SPRING.
For so contracted was the space of each,
That summer's ardent heat could not inflame,
Or aggravate, the milder warmth of spring;
Nor autumn's—much less winter's—pow'r annul.
Thus with variety and hindrance bland,
Did each the other gratefully assuage.

For ling'ring and delay were first induc'd
By cold and shade, sadd'ning the face of things;
But the quick alternation broke the spell,
And all was chang'd into delightfulness.
Thus, by their contiguity made one,
There seem'd a vernal firmament serene,
Attemper'd sweetly by the welcome cold.

Ev'n days, like years, by sudden changes too,
The ills of diuturnity dispell'd;
Soon as Aurora had the morn unveil'd,
Midday approach'd, and led it down to eve;
Thence, thro' some moments of the night detain'd,
Safe to Aurora brought the morn again.
The genial warmth of day, the cold ne'er marr'd,
But tempering by alternation mild,
And grateful; as with int'rest sent it back,
Enrich'd into her sister's glowing bosom.

Thus, all of space and time, greatest and least,
Conspir'd to hasten earth's florescent age;
And introduce her to perennial spring.

Nor times and spaces only lent their aid;
E'en stars celestial, atmospheres, and earth
Herself, harmoniously their forces join'd,
To crown the orb, in this her lasting station,
With such a spring-resembling temp'rature.
The *stars* of *Heav'n*, hast'ning their rise and setting,
Their light sent forth into the dubious shade
Nocturnal; and with splendour unremitted,
The shrouding darkness scatter'd from her disk;
And qualified the atmospheres themselves,
As apt recipients of the warming beams
Of Sol, descended, soon again to rise.
The *moon*, now nearer to her mighty sire,
On his bright countenance, enraptur'd, gaz'd;
And, thro' the fulness of reflected light,
Her influence shed upon earth's middle sphere;
And thus that warmth prepar'd it to receive,
Which his returning beams should bless withal.

The nearest atmosphere itself, or air,
Now quicken'd by abundant light and heat;
And warm'd by dews prolific, from the lap
Of earth exhal'd; breath'd forth its pow'r benign—
No raging wind yet blew—nor had as yet
Cæsias or *Boreas*, with tempestuous storm,
Shook the affrighted air. No baneful fogs
Eclips'd the splendour of the sun and stars.
Serene was all; save that at intervals,
The zephyrs fann'd the murm'ring winds to sleep.
Ev'n Earth herself, with blessings thus begirt,
And, from the surface to her deep recess,
Glowing with genial warmth; the tribute pour'd,
Of her collected influent delights,
Back to the bosoms of her num'rous friends.
Thus, to the recent earth, as to a centre,

'Twould seem as if, in one perpetual spring,
All Heav'n had come down; and were rejoicing
In her, the sole blest object of their love!

* * * * * * * * *

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